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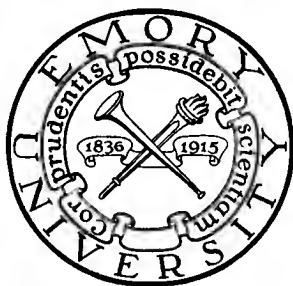
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PREFACE.

I'M sure as Mr. Cook did ought to 'ave 'is statutes by law stuck about all over the world, as is a wonderful man ; and as to Brown, I never see a man take more to another in this world, never.

Only I must say as it 'ave broke up our 'ome a good deal a-goin' about so much, and that's the wust of travellin', as makes anyone that restless, and jest for all the world like our butcher's 'oss, as never won't stand still a minit, and run away last week, cart and all thro' the boy a-steppin' out with a knuckle of weal oppersite, as ain't a thing as I ever 'as myself, thro' bein' a tasteless jinte at best, smother it with parsley and butter tho' you may, with a bit of bacon, and as to cold, why the werry cat walked away from it, a-turnin' up 'er nose ; but when I 'eard say as that 'oss 'ad run ag'in the apple-stall at the corner, and twisted a wheel off ag'in the

lamp-post, I says it's a mercy as poor old Mrs. Grady weren't a-settin' there at 'er stall, with 'er umbreller up and 'ard of 'earin', thro' a-feelin' the draught terrible, as I give 'er myself, thro' bein' a dreadful corner for the wind, and can't 'ardly turn it myself at times.

I do say as no butcher's carts did ought to be left a-standin' by theirselves, as is nat'rally timid creeturs, tho' I 'ave 'eard say as the smell of raw meat makes 'em that savage, as it certingly did old Pockington's bulldog, as lived next door to us, and were a carcuss butcher in Clare Market, tho' retired from business, and broke loose one Christmas Eve, and dewoured Mrs. Maltby's sucking-pig, as she'd kep' outside for cool, thro' the weather bein' muggy for the time of year, and espectin' a family party the next day, as is a rich thing to eat along with plum-pudding, so pre'aps were as well as the bulldog put it out of their reach, though she did think as it were out of 'arm's way, with the safe 'ung up ag'in the wall, as the string broke, and in course a easy prey to that beastly dog, as I never could a-bear, bein' that under'ung jest for all the world like old Mrs. Prentiss, with a wall eye a-glarin' at you, as always growled hawful at the sight of me, and give me quite a turn.

But, as I says, whatever could 'ave made Mr. Cook take to them 'scursions puzzles me, a-goin'

all over the world like a wanderin' Jew, not but I've knowed Jews myself as would stop at 'ome for ever like lambs for quietness, as was Mrs. Israel's mother, old Mrs. Isaacs, thro' bein' bed-ridden with rheumatics, and would scream murder if ever they come near the bed, and couldn't bear the sheet over 'er, and never went over the door for more than seventeen years, and did used to like me to drop in for a chat sometimes of a evenin', as taught me a good many of their dishes, as is partikler tasty, tho' too much spice for me in some on 'em, and as to garlic, why it's downright pison to me, and enuf to blow your 'ead off that strong.

I'd always 'eard tell a deal about Switzerland, thro' Miss Wittle's lady's-maid a-bein' from them parts, as were always a-frettin' about 'ome, as she said as she should die away from, but, law bless you ! give up the idea of goin' back when 'er wages was rose, and of all the skinflints for meanness, she was the biggest as ever I see, so I didn't never fancy the Swiss myself, tho' I must say as them muslins makes lovely dresses.

So when Brown said as he should like to go there up the Rhine, I says, "No, Brown, at your time of life them mountings is a deal too steep, and might fall off 'em, the same as I know'd a young gentleman from Oxford, as fell off the Halps, and must 'avo been dashed into nothin', if it 'adn't

been as he 'ung by 'is clothes, as shows as good things is best in the end, and were drawed up by a 'ook, tho' dreadful lacerated, but no bones broke."

Brown, he giv' one of 'is jeery larfs, and says, "Why, you old idjot, the Rhine's a river."

I says, "And so much the worse, for, in course, if you was to fall off anywhere into a river, it would be all up with you."

"All down, you means," says Brown.

"I means what I says, Mr. Brown," says I, "and that is, as you ain't a-goin' playin' the fool with no Rhines nor reasons neither, as the sayin' is, at your age, not with my consent."

He says, "Well, I ain't a-goin' to no Rhines now, but I've fixed for to go to Hitaly and Rome next week, along with my friend Cook, and if you don't like to go, stop at 'ome, and 'ave Liza to keep you company."

I says, "No, Brown, never. I don't deny as Liza is my own child, but she never can be my 'usban', as I've swore to stick to, and stick to I will, if it was even to a divin'-bell, as I proved my words, a-goin' down along with you at the Polly-tecnic, as nearly proved my hend, and deaf as a post all that winter, as you well knows, thro' the noise of fixed hair in my ears, as kep' a-rushin' in, tho' wool in both, and never thought as I should draw my breath ag'in, tho' 'appy in the thoughts of

bein' choked a-doin' my duty, as is what I've swore to."

"Oh!" says Brown, "bother your duty, as you're always a-goin' ou about. I knows all that, but will you go or not?"

I says, "If you goes I goes."

He says, "All right, be ready Monday week," and out he walks.

I says to 'im, as he was a-leavin', "It's all very fine for you to bother my duty, Mr. Brown, but wherever would you and the children 'ave been, if I'd been and bolted with a livery-stable keeper? the same as Mrs. Elwin, the minister's lady, as were off like a lamplighter, as the sayin' is, and come to beg 'er bread, and serve 'er right, too, in my opinion; and as to that livery-stable keeper, he ended 'is days in the 'ulks, so it come 'ome to 'em both."

So Brown, he says, a-shettin' the door, "It would take more than one lamplighter to run away with you, old gal," and off he goes a-larfin'.

I'm sure, the time as I were a-referrin' to, 'arf a lamplighter might 'ave blowed me away with a puff, for I was that thin as anyone could span me round with two 'ands, as I'm sure the gownd as I were married in, a gal of twelve might 'ave wore.

As soon as I know'd we was a-goin' to them forrin parts, I got all my things werry nice, not to look out of the way afore forriners; but didn't

take nothing but what was useful, and not spilte easy, for I'm sure travellin' is downright ruin to your clothes, and, for my part, I should like to wear everything as is black for under-clothin', for the washin' is a downright mockery with things tore to ribbins in two washes, and charge you that hawful as would be a fortune to poor Mrs. Wells, as 'ad known better days, and took to the laundry line, near the gas work, down by Keusal Green, and slaved 'er 'art out, and then to be done out of 'er money, poor soul, by them swindlin' parties, as took a fine 'ouse in the name of Swintlers, and kep' a-sayin' as they'd settle next week, as I says to 'er, "Don't keep on a-workin' for 'em unless paid," for I says, "if they can't pay one week, they can't pay two, so you stop it afore you gets in too deep with them."

But she never see the colour of their mouey, as was over five pounds, and never 'eld up 'er 'ead ag'in, and come to the alms'ouses in 'er native place, as was somewheres out Baruet ways; and did ought to 'ave rode in 'er carriage, only thro' 'er father a-puttin' 'is 'and to a bit of paper, as proved 'is ruin; and only shows as with all their blowin' about edication, them as can't write is best off arter all.

Tho' in course your mark might be just as bad afore witnesses as always makes me that careful with pen and ink, as is a thing as 'ave brought on

more rows than gunpowder itself, tho' I'm sure whatever people can find to write about puzzles me; and as to that gal of mine, the next time as I ketches 'er a-ritin' off she goes, as nearly set the 'ouse a-fire a-ritin' on the ironin'-board, with a clothes-'orse full of things a-airin' afore the fire, as I'd been and finished ironin' up myself, and then goes upstairs a-sayin', "Maria," as were 'er name, "give a eye to that 'orse," and then to set a-ritin' on the sly, and never thought of them things till they was all of a blaze thro' a coal a-flyin' out, as in course she couldn't 'elp, but might 'ave ketched up but for 'aviu' 'er back turned to it.

All as ever I feels afraid on in goin' abroad is wars a-breakin' out, as they will do that sudden jest the same as our Joe's measles, as went to bed with a 'eavy cold and a-runnin' at the eyes, as made me give 'im some 'ot elder wine the last thing; and in the mornin', bless you, was broke out all over, as no doubt saved 'is life, a-comin' out that favourable, as is a 'ealthy sign.

But I must say as a war a-breakin' out wouldn't be a 'ealthy sign for me, as can't a-bear the sight of a gun; and as to powder, why the fifth of November is my constant dread ever since that time as that young Sam Manders went off with a bang, a-standin' with 'is pocket full of squibs a-dryin' of 'isself afore the kitchen fire, unbeknown

to his mother, and both pockets exploded at once, and knocked poor Mrs. Challen back'ards into the wash-tub as she were jest a-goin' to empty down the sink; and 'im not 'urt a bit, tho' it give 'is mother a fit in the back yard, and brought the parish injins to the door, as they played into Mrs. Bulpit's parlour winder jest as she opened it for to ask what was the matter, and brought on a asthma as she carried to 'er grave in the end, poor thing; and made Miss Jacks, as 'ad been bed-ridden for years, jump up in a jiffey, and run three times round the gardin with nothink on but a blanket and bare feet, till pinned ag'in the dust-'ole by old Pockington's bull-dog, as broke 'is chain over the wall, and no doubt took 'er for a ghost between the lights, and never put on her stockin's no more thro' not a-livin' over two years arter, as shows as life is but a span arter all, as the sayin' is.

They do say as this 'ere Empire of the French is pay, as means peace; but I'm sure if war means more pay he'll go in for that, as Mrs. Padwick well remembers 'im at the West-end, with 'is boots wore down at the 'eels, and nobody as was decent wouldn't 'ave in their houses; and they do say 'ad to borrow the money of a low-lived waggeberbone 'ussey for to pay 'is passage over there for to get the place as he've kep' ever since.

I ain't sich a fool as to believe anythink as that feller may say, and wouldn't no more trust myself to 'im than to 'owlin' wolves.

Brown, he always is a-larfin' at my fears, but as I says to 'im, "It's all werry fine, but you won't larf much when your 'ead is blowed off in the cannon's mouth," as the sayin' is.

He says, "I tell you what it is, if you don't shet up that abuse of yourn ag'in the French Empire, it will end awkward some day."

I says, "I can say what I likes in my own native land, and when in France I never makes no remarks, for in course if they likes bein' put upon by such a feller, why it ain't no business of ourn, as 'ave enough to do, what with one thing and another."

Thank goodness, the 'lections is over, for I'm sure I thought as there 'd 'ave been bloodshed in the Tower 'Amlets, as is a rough lot; and as to the Irish Church, them roughs, they don't know what the inside of a church is, no more than I knows what's a-goin' on inside the moon.

Brown, he was always ag'in the Irish Church, and wanted to 'ave it down.

Well, I says, "'Ave it down, then, but don't let's 'ave no bother about it, as will, pre'aps, be a improvement when down, the same as that one as they've took down at the corner of Fenchurch Street, as was always in the way, and stopped the

traffic, the same as many others in the City, where they ain't wanted, so in course if the Irish don't want the church, let it come down, as is only reasonable," as I said, to Mrs. Martin, as come a-askin' me for money to build the Wesleyan schools.

I says, "Not bein' a Wesleyan, I ain't a-goin' to support it, and shouldn't never think of askin' you to support my religion, as is my own affair."

But, law bless me ! as to them politics, it's all rubbish, in my opinion, for whichever side gets the day we 'as to pay all the same, and I'm sure the gas and water alone is downright ruin, and as to poor's-rate, why it's enuf to drive anyone to the workus for to get out of their way, as is bein' left at the door that constant, enough to drive you wild.

Not but what Mr. Arden as collects 'em is a werry nice spoken man, and in course not 'is fault as they runs so 'igh, tho' I do believe as they've been rose all the more, thro' that waggerbone, Old Brooks, as bolted with the lot to Merryker the year afore last, and we see 'im ourselves a-walkin' about over there as bold as brass, a-pretendin' not to know us, and married ag'in to a young gal, as was walkin' with 'im, tho' Mrs. Brooks were a-livin' and 'arty, 'is lawful wife, in the Old Kent Road, along with 'er married daughter.

She come to see me when fust we got back, to

ask about 'im, and only larfed when I told 'er as he'd proved false, and said, "The old brute, I'm glad on it, for now he can't never return, as I'm glad on, thro' 'avin' come into a little property, as he'd soon make ducks and drakes on."

I says to 'er, "Mrs. Brooks, mum, I don't 'old with anyone a-makin' that light of a old waggerbone a-goin' over there and deceivin' a respectable young ooman."

She says, "If she'd been a respectable young oomau, shé wouldn't never 'ave married 'im that 'asty, and not 'ave made no inquiries about 'im."

I says, "That's true, that is," and so the matter dropped, leastways for the time, and wouldn't never 'ave come up no more, only but for me a-goin' to stop with my Jane, as lives in a square down near the London 'Ospital, and walkin' out one day met a young ooman as asks me 'er way to the Commercial Road, as I know'd by 'er talk were Merrykin.

So I says, "I'm a-goin' that way, and will show you with pleasure, thro' 'avin' been in your country, not as anyone ever was civil in showin' me my way about over there."

She says, "Don't say that. What! been in the States?"

I says, "Yes, and a large place it is."

She says, "That's so."

I says, "'Ave you been away long?"

She says, "Only got 'ere the day before yesterday in a sailing wessel."

I says, "Oh! indeed."

She says, "I didn't ought to be out now, for my 'usban' told me not to stir over the door, but," she says, "I'm that wild with tooth-ache, so come out to try and get a anerdine, and have lost myself."

I couldn't help a-thinkin' as I see 'er somewhere's afore, so I says, "Is your good gentleman of the Merrykin perswashun?"

She says, "Oh, dear no," quite sharp, and as we'd got to the Commercial Road, I wished 'er a good day, thro' 'avin' got to the shop where I was a-goin'.

I was kep' a-waitin' in that shop a bit, so walks to the door, and who should I see but that fieldmale Merrykin walkin' with Old Brooks, as were a-goin' on at 'er, I should say, as I know'd in a hinstant, tho' a dark wig on and blue spectacles, as didn't 'ide 'is legs, as was frightful bandy.

In course I didn't take no notice, but then remembered the young ooman as were the party we'd see 'im a-walkin' about with over there.

That werry evenin' I went 'ome, and the next arternoon goes over to see old Mrs. Brooks in the Kent Road.

She was took aback when she 'eard as he were

in town, and says, "Then he's 'eard about the bit of money, whatever shall I do?"

Well, while 'er and me and 'er daughter were a-talkin' about it over a cup of tea, jest at dusk, if a cab didn't draw up afore the 'ouse, and out got the old willin.

I says, "Don't let 'im see me;" "Nor me neither," says Mrs. Brooks, so we 'urries into the back parlour, as was foldin' doors, tho' a bed-room, and in he comes, a-pretendin' to be that anxious for to see 'is dear wife, and a-goin' on.

'Er daughter, as he wasn't father to, thro' bein' a-widder, she says, "My mother don't want nothink to do with you."

"Oh!" he says, "that's your game, is it, then I'll show you who's master." He says, "Let me see my wife immediate, or I'll break the doors down with"—and I 'eard 'im give a jingle with the fire-irons, and 'eard Mrs. Chadwell, as is the daughter's name, give a start like, so I opens the door and walks in.

He says, "I don't want you, Mrs. Brown, but my wife, as you ain't."

I says, "No, thank goodness; but," I says, "if you wants your wife, you'd better go back to Merryker for 'er."

"Oh!" he says, "you old slanderer. What, you've been spreadin' them lies 'ere, 'ave you?"

"Yes," I says, "I've been sayin' as you've got a wife in Merryker."

He says, "It's false !"

I says, "So it is ; I begs your pardin', you ain't got a wife in Merryker, 'cos she's 'ere, a-livin' near the Commercial Road."

He gave sich a start.

I says, "Tho' pre'aps I'm mistaken, for Old Brooks, as is there with 'er, 'ave got a black 'ead of 'air and blue spectacles."

He couldn't say a word, bein' that staggered.!

So I says, "Mrs. Chadwell, send for the perlice, we'll soon settle this."

She give a move to the door, but, bless you, he was out of the 'ouse afore you could say Jack Robinson, as the sayin' is, and never showed 'is face ag'in, and they never took no trouble about 'im, so we 'ad a good larf over it, leastways, Mrs. Chadwell and me, for she never could a-bear the sight on 'im, as 'ad treated 'er 'arsh when a gal, and tried to rob 'er into the bargain, as was 'is base ways—as always were a thief—and I 'ope 'ave gone back to Merryker, where he'll find plenty like 'im, not but what there's rogues all over the world, as is 'uman natur' no doubt.

But as to them Merrykins a-goin' on, as some on 'em does, a-sayin' as they don't believe nothiuk, all I says is, it's like their ignorance.

I'm sure there was a Mrs. Tripp, as lived over there, she begun a-talkin' to me one evenin' about what she didn't believe, so I says, "Oh! indeed," a-tryin' to pass it off, but she would keep on, till at last I says, "Whatever you do believe or don't believe, don't make no matter to me, nor to anybody else, for all I can see; and as to your a-sayin' as you won't believe nothink but what you understands, it's all werry well for anyone as is as clever as you are, as, in course, knows all about everythink, but," I says, "it's a bad look out for any one as ain't that clever, 'cos they might 'appen not to believe what they did ought to, or take to believe in somethink as they didn't."

She says, "Oh, it's all 'umbug!"

I says, "In course it must be as you says so, 'cos, of course, you've got up a deal earlier than everyone else, and can prove your words."

She got that wild, a-sayin' as I were a-turnin' 'er into redicule, as knowed a deal thro' 'er father 'avin' been a preacher.

So I says, "Well, there's plenty of them about, and it's a pity as they don't agree, 'cos," I says, "one says one thing and one another, and while anyone's a-makin' up 'is mind which he's to listen to, he takes ill and dies, and never makes up 'is mind at all."

She says, "You don't know nothink about it."

“Well,” I says, “you’re not goin’ to teach me, any’ow;” so I says, “let’s drop the subject,” but law, she wouldn’t let it alone.

So at last I says, “Oh, you’re a ass! and I won’t talk to you,” as shet ‘er up in a crump, as the sayin’ is, and so the matter dropped.

CHAPTER I.

STARTING.

I MUST say as Brown took me aback, as the sayin' is, when he told me as we must go over to Paris to start.

I says, "What ever do you mean ; why, startin' is startin' all the world over, as means leavin' 'ome."

"Yes," he says ; "bnt the reg'lar start is from Paris, as we're to jine on Toosday."

"What," I says, "for all the world like a sailor a-jinin' his ship, as is in general in liquor ; bnt," I says, "I do 'ope as Mr. Cook won't have none that refractory like young Walker, as they was obligated to put in irons for the fust ten days, as would spile the pleasure of the trip, let alone bein' werry ill-convenient to the other passengers," as I well remembers myself a-comin' up in the train from Woolwich with a deserter, as 'ad been drinkin' and were 'andcuffed, smokin' a short pipe, and made

'isself werry unpleasant thro' a-spittin' the wrong side, as is what sailors calls windward.

There wasn't no use a-grumblin' nor a-growlin', for I 'ad to be ready, as Brown 'ad give the word; and when I come to look round me, I did 'eave a sigh at the thought of leavin' my 'appy 'ome, with the clean winder-curtings up, and my bed like the driven snow thro' a clean quilt, as in course I took off; in fact, locked up my room, for I don't stand nobody a-sleepin' in my bed for to keep it haired, as the warmin'-pan will do in a quarter of a 'our at the outside, as you can see the end on, and don't lead to no 'arm.

The trouble it was a-puttin' things away, and leavin' the place just as I wanted to find it, nearly wore me out, for I wasn't goin' to 'ave no lettin' friends or relations take care on it. Oh dear, no; so I gets Mrs. Walters to come along with 'er little granddaughter, as she's all alone in the world with, and got a little to live on; so what I could pay 'er 'elped to keep the wolf from the door, as the sayin' is.

Poor soul, she's supped sorrers by the ladleful, as the sayin' is. With a large family as she buried under nine, all but one gal, as turned out bad and broke 'er father's 'art, and died in the work'us when the little gal was born, as is turned eleven, and a 'ard pinch for 'er grandmother to keep, as

she were not bound to, only in course kep' 'er word, as she give in my presence to 'er dyin' child, as I never shall forget that evenin'.

It was just about Christmas time, with the snow on the ground, and Brown was away, and thro' me bein' solingtary 'ad took my tea early, and 'adn't 'ardly washed up the things when a tap come at the door, as I thought was the boy with the manglin'.

So I opens it with the tea-cloth in my 'aud, and who should it prove but Mrs. Walters, as pale as a ghost, in her widder's weeds, as 'ad only berried Walters that day six weeks, thro' a fall from a scaffoldin'; and bein' a plaisterer by trade, as stepped back'ards without a-thinkin', and never spoke no more, tho' picked up and took to the 'ospital on a ladder, as was the nearest thing at 'and.

I was werry much surprised to see 'er, thro' knowin' as she been confined to bed with 'er lum-bago, and says, "Mrs. Walters, whatever brings you out sich a evenin'."

"Oh," she says, "Mrs. Brown, my poor unfortunate gal," and busts out a-cryin'.

I says, "Set down, that's a good soul, and don't fret arter 'er, as ain't worth your tears," through a-knowin' as she'd gone off with the lamplighter, tho' a married man.

"Oh," she says, "they've sent for me from Whitechapel Work'us, a-sayin' she's dyin' there."

I says, "Bless my 'art, and not eighteen."

"Yes," she says, "she's been there this three weeks and never let me know, and," she says, "it's that knocked me down, that I can't 'ardly crawl."

I says, "Shall I go for you?"

She says, "Would you mind a-goin' with me?"

I says, "In course not, and won't be a minit gettin' ready." Nor more I wasn't, so I called to Mrs. Challin, as lived jest at the back, to come and give a eye to the 'ouse, and off we set.

In them days we wasn't over flush of money ourselves, as the sayin' is, and I know'd as that woman was as poor as a church-mouse, as the sayin' is.

So I takes all the money I 'ad in the 'ouse, as were only one and ninepence, a-leavin' three'apence for the manglin', as I were espectin' 'ome, and off we started, a-gettin' a bus at the corner of the street, as set us down at the work'us door.

I 'opes it ain't sinful, but I always did 'ate the work'us, and many a time 'ave slaved away a-denyin' myself my 'arf a pint of beer, when I wanted it, to save the money for fear of it; and now, as I'm thankful to think, as I'm not likely ever to want, I can't a-bear the idea of the work'us, as is a gashly

'ole, and I'm sure that night as poor Nancy Walters died, it did seem more awful than death itself.

Poor thing, I never see anyone more frightful altered than that poor girl, with a infant not above a week old. She took on dreadful at fust when she see 'er mother, but when that was over she got quite quiet, and nestled 'er 'ead on 'er mother's bosom, and says, "Mother, don't let this poor baby stop 'ere."

Her mother couldn't 'ardly speak for sobs, but she promised 'er as she'd take it, and that seemed to soothe the poor thing, as died within a 'our of the time as we got to 'er, so me and Mrs. Walters brought the child away the day arter we'd follered that poor gal to 'er grave, and I will say, as if ever milk and water did their duty by a child in this world, it did 'em by that baby, as thrived wonderful, when them as is born to fortins never can't be brought up by 'and, as shows as there ain't no tell-in' what we're born for.

Mrs. Walters, she was only too glad for to come for the time we was away, and I knowed would keep the placo sweet and clean, and as to the little gal, she was as mild as a lamb, and wouldn't be up to no mischief in the gardin', and doated on the cat, as took to 'er at once, tho' not a animal as makes 'erself too cheap, and won't eat a bit of cat's meat, not if she was starvin', but likes 'er milk

reg'lar as a Christian, and that clean, as you might trust 'er on the driven snow, and no bad 'abits a-jumpin' on the bed with a clean quilt, as is werry aggrawatin' to see four black paws on fresh out of the coal cellar, as is a place as she wouldn't stoop for to put 'er nose into. So, in course, I've quite took to the animal, as I'm sure looks up to me like a Christian at meal times, but never one to cry and mew for anything, as I can't a-bear in a cat, as in course must be fed, but sounds beggarly a-cryin' all over the place.

I wasn't goin' to knock myself up a-packin', so 'ad Miss Webb for to 'elp me, as is in the stay-makin' line near the 'Orns at Kennington, a werry nice young person, though much growed out, as she says is thro' a-settin' too close to the business; but it's my opinion as she were born so.

I never see a more 'andy young person, tho' she certingly acted very absurd in packin' all my night-things at the werry bottom of the box, as I never found out till a-dyin' to go to bed wet thro' when we got to over there in arf a gale, as they called it, as were too much by arf for me, and thought it were a judgment on me for breakin' my word about trustin' myself on the bottomless deep, as 'ad said as I never would no more.

Mrs. Walters' little gal, she were 'andy too, only dropped things thro' bein' in a 'urry, as

is nat'ral in them as is young and thoughtless.

I did not want for to dress myself outlandish, but 'ad all my things made my own way, as looks respectable at my time of life, and none of your fly-away fashions for me, tho' I must say as I found them false-teeth as I 'ad fitted in a werry great comfort, and partikler as I know'd they wasn't nobody's elses, but made of Chiney ware, as is clean and 'olesome; and tho' botherin' me a little at fust soon got used to 'em, and always put 'em in a tumbler of water the last thing at night, as Mrs. Walters werry nigh throwed away thro' me a-goin' down without 'em, as am able to eat walnuts ag'in, and even cracklin', as was forbidden fruit for many a year, thro' not bein' able to bite it, and only shows what we may do if we tries.

I didn't much like 'avin' of them teeth put in, tho' the party as did it said as he could take all the stumps out painless, as were a gross falsehood, for I'm sure it were hagony 'im a-pullin' and a-punchin' away at my jaw, as I went and took cold in thro' a-goin' 'ome in a bus, as is false economy, with all your teeth out, and 'ad my face swelled up like risin' dough in the mornin', and obligated to live on spoon meat pretty near a fortnight; but must say as them new teeth did look uncommon nice, and the first evenin' as I'd got 'em in, with a

new front and my cap trimmed up, I set a-waitin' for Brown to come in, but, law bless you! my mouth felt that odd like as I were afraid to speak for fear as they should fall out, so kep' on a-smilin' at Brown, as says, "When you've done a-grinnin', pre'aps you'll give me a cup of tea, as am a-goin' out as soon as I've 'ad it."

I pours out 'is tea with no remark.

So he says, "Are you dumb to-night?"

I didn't make no answer, but takes a sip at my tea, as went the wrong way, and I choked that violent as made Brown jump up and give me such a violent crack on the back, as sent my new teeth a-flyin' all over the tea-things.

To hear Brown go on you'd 'ave thought it was 'is teeth, and not mine, as was in that slop-basin.

He says, "Pray, 'ave a new 'ead while you're about it, and don't forget to order lots of extra brains," as was, I considers, unfeelin' remarks.

So I says, "Mr. Brown, I didn't make myself nor yet my teeth, for that matter, so can't order what brains as you may fancy;" but I says, "I wish as you could get a new 'art as would feel for another," as the sayin' is.

So I puts the teeth on the mantelpiece, and took my tea; and then went upstairs a-feelin' 'urt.

But, law bless you! when Brown come in to

supper he was quite pleasant over them teeth, and said as all he were afraid on were that they would be no use ; no more they wasn't at fust, but now acts beautiful, tho' requires care, and not to be slep' in, as Mrs. Hazlewood did, and woke up in the mornin' with nothink but the gold plates left, as 'ad swallercd the teeth in 'er sleep ; the same as 'appened to old Captain Cole, as 'ad a glass eye, and, thro' a-droppin' it into 'is soup, took and swallowed it for a force-meat ball, and never a bit the wiser, tho' a marytyr to indigestion, as no doubt a lump of glass, tho' a eye, a-lurkin' in the constitution would bring on.

Not as Brown is to be espected for to feel about anyone's teeth, thro' never 'avin' know'd what toothache means, and everyone sound to the back of 'is 'cad, escept the one as were knocked out in front, thro' a cricket-ball a-comin' with full force as he were a-lookin' on at a match in Kennington Oval, as were two years afore we was married, so in course no blemish in my eyes, and makes it 'andy for 'im in smokin', as is jest room for 'is pipe.

I can't say as I 'olds with goin' abroad myself, for in lookin' back, as I can do now, I don't think much of them forriners as I've know'd, escept Belgins, pre'aps, tho' they is werry nigh English, thro' the king over there 'avin' married our Princess Charlotte, as died that young, or would 'ave been Queen Wictoria

now and was lamented universal, and have 'eard my dear mother say as she shed tears 'erself in 'earin' of it, and put me on a black sash the day she were buried, as throwed all London in mournin', as is werry melancholy, tho' good for trade, for there was old Milsom, the dyer, as left a 'eap of money, he made 'undreds on 'undreds that time, a-dyin' everythink black, as ain't no savin' in my opinion, for I'm sure nothink ever looks well dyed in this world, and will wear rusty in no time, as nothink ain't worse than a blue black, as will wear a reddish colour, let alone comin' off over everythink.

I'm sure there was old Mrs. Graddon's mournin', as she never took off arter Graddon's death, tho' outlivin' 'im over thirty years, and looked well to the last, thro' bein' good at fust, as she bought at Warty's in Bishopsgate Street, and give a 'igh price for, with crape up to 'er knees, and weeds as was weeds, and none of your fal-lal rubbish, such as they wears nowadays, and I don't consider no weeds at all, as, in my opinion, is only proper respect, tho' I'm sure old Graddon didn't deserve no respect from 'er, for a wuss 'usban' never trod shoe-leather, as the sayin' is, and bore marks of 'is wiolence about 'er, let alone a front tooth knocked out, as she'll carry to 'er grave, as was the tea-caddy throwed at 'er unawares.

Of all the men to go on over a trifle it was 'im,

for never shall I forget a-goin' to sup with them when retired from business, close ag'in Limehouse Church, and a couple of as fine ducks as ever you set eyes on, and if he didn't take and fly out in one of 'is rages over somethink, and takes and shies the duck as he were a-carvin' out of the winder, and if she didn't up and collar the other, and send it a-flyin' arter its brother, and so there wasn't no supper but bread and cheese for nobody, as is a thing I don't 'old with.

But as I was a-sayin', there was two Belgin brothers as I know'd, as makes me like some forriners, they was like lambs, and as fond of one another as them two Siamese twins, as I can't abear.

In course it ain't no fault of theirn, bein' born like that, as in course didn't go to do it, as is what Mr. Edkins, our medical man, calls loose us naturer.

I says, "I don't see what loose us can have to do with it, thro' their bein' born bound together that tight, as is like them forriners, as is always outlandish in their ways, as did ought to have been operated on, in my opinion, in the mouth, the same as Mrs. Dewdley's little boy, as were born with a 'air lip, and 'ad the 'air cut off within a week, and tho' he died, of course wasn't nobody's fault, but only the best as could be done

with 'im under the circumstances, and nobody to blame.

So when they all came in, as was Mrs. Edmonds and 'er two gals, with little 'Enry and 'er single sister, and said they was a-goin' to see them Siamese twins, and wouldn't I come ?

I says, "No, thank you, a 'undred miles the other way, rather, if I had to run it every step of the way."

"'Ow about your wind?" says that boy 'Enry, a-chimin' in with a grin.

I says, "Little people did ought to be seen, and not 'eard."

"Oh," says his mother, "'Enry is so sharp."

"Ah," I says, "more sharp than sure," as the sayin' is. Not as I meant to illude to 'is 'avin' not got thro' 'is examinations for the navy school, as put 'is mother out, as bounced out of the place, so I never went with 'em to see them Siamese.

I felt rather timbersome-like at the thoughts of goin' off like that sudden for to meet Mr. Cook in Paris, as I feels quite at 'ome with, thro' 'avin' been so often afore, not as ever I should feel at 'ome there with that Bonyparty, partikler with a riverlution a-'angin' over 'is 'ead, as 'ave aged a good deal, and as to that there little boy of 'is'n, he's growed a good deal, tho' stumpy arter all, as runs in the family, for I never can make out why

they called that there Waterloo one Napoleon the Great, as weren't over five feet four, as is pre'aps as well for a sojer, thro' not 'avin' to duck 'is 'ead so low for to avoid them cannon-balls.

So when we was got to Paris, we was werry comfortable at our 'otel, where they knows me well, and speaks English like a native, as the sayin' is; tho' I don't know why they should, for I'm sure there ain't no animile as is more dumber than a oyster, and as is a frightful price now-a-days, tho' it 'ave been known to whistle.

I always likes for to walk about Paris a good deal, but cannot keep up with Brown as goes on a-filanderin' all over the place, so always takes to a bus myself, as is great public conveniences, partikler a correspondin', as means a-takin' you all over the place for thrippence, tho' it takes up a deal of time; but what does that matter when you're out for pleasure and time no objec'.

Not but what I was nicely served thro' a correspondin' one evenin' close ag'in the Pally Royal, where the bus 'ad dropped me a-comin' from Passy,

So I goes in, and gives my ticket for to correspond, and gets my number, and then took a seat in a corner of the hoffice quite comfortable thro' being dreadful tired, and off I dropped, and if they didn't let me sleep there till past twelve o'clock,

and then only waked me up for to shet up the place. So had to take a cab, as drove me to the wrong railroad, and never got 'ome till past one, and Brown a-goin' on like any one crazy at me, as were all 'is own fault, as didn't ought to 'ave left me, only would walk 'ome with 'is pipe.

Them buses would be werry convenient if they 'adn't got the seats that diwided, as makes it werry close work for parties as is stout, partikler with a fieldmale opposite as 'ad been a-makin' too free with the liquor, as I never did see any one like 'er for bein' took ill sudden, and not the presence of mind for to get out till that conductor forced 'er to, as rather it was 'im than me, a nasty beast. As shows as it's all rubbish a-talkin' about French perliteness, for liquor is liquor all the world over, as any one may be overtook in a fault, but did not ought to in an omblibus, as I 'ave knowed upset them as was as sober as judges, as the sayin' is.

Of all the confusin' places as ever I were at it's a French railway, as they won't let you go on to the platform for to see your things ticketed in the course of nater, but will shove and push you about, a-jaggerin' at you, with Brown like a dragon-fly on your back a-goadin' you to madness, and sayin' as it will be all right when you thinks as everythink is gone for ever, escept what you're a-carryin' yourself, as were a 'eavy weight for me, with two

railways rugs, my thick shawl, a carpet-bag, and a basket with a large cloak as I wears in travellin', and my redicule and umbreller, as proved too much for to pass up a narrer passage with; and made them as come behind me goin' on a saccrein' 'orrible, as is their French bad language; and the feller as kep' the door he got a-pullin' at me, and others behind a-pushin' at me, till I dropped the lot with a crash as reg'lar stopped the thoro'-fare.

What aggrawates me with Brown is as he won't give you no satisfaction in his answers, but only "all right," as is werry prowokin' when in them terrors as your night-things is left in Paris, with you a-dyin' to go bed hover in Hitaly.

But thankful I was when I'd got in the train, and 'ad stowed my things away, and made myself all easy and comfortable for the night.

Jest as we was a-startin', the guard he brought up a fieldmale party as wanted a place, as was the only one left. She gets up the step and goes back, and says, "You told me there was a lady in 'ere."

Says thc man as were a-showin' 'er in, a-speakin' Hinglish, "So there is, and a werry nice one two."

She looks round, and says, "I tell you there isn't; they're all the male sect."

I says, "You'll escuse me, mum ; but," I says, "I am of the fieldmale perswashun thro' bein' a wife and a mother, tho', pre'aps, not aperiently when settled for the night in the corner of a railway, with my 'ead tied up in a 'ankercher."

If she didn't bust out a-larfin', and say as she'd rather travel with the men than such a old buundle of rags, as would snore 'er 'ead off.

I says, "You're a nice speciment, you are, of a lady ;" but I 'adu't no time to say no more, for she were off. But I dare say we shall meet ag'in, and then I shall remember sich impidence, as were old enuf to know better, as I says I'm sure she might travel all over the world alone, without no mau in 'is senses ever a-lookin' at 'er, an old scrag dressed out in a 'at to look the gal.

I can't say as I remembers much about the journey as we made that night thro' never wakin' up but once, when they come a-botherin' about their "dee minits d'array"—as means stoppin' ten minits, and whatever for, escept to let the cold hair into the car-ridge, thro' a leavin' the door wide open.

I might 'ave took supper if I'd 'ave wanted it, out of my own basket, as were a cold fowl with a bit of tongue, some bread and butter, and a bit of cheese, with a bottle of wine, as is things I always takes with me by night, as you might be snowed up, the same as we was in Merryker, as in

course you can give away if you don't want it, as is what most people does to the poor, as did ought to be thankful, as I must say that poor man was as I give it to at the railroad.

I was glad when we was at Culoz, where a 'ot breakfast was waitin' ready for us, and as nice a bit of fowl as ever I tasted, and able for to wash my face and put my 'air on, as I never travels in by night, as will slip over your eyes and get across your mouth werry unpleasant, as 'appened to poor Mrs. Tyler in a alarm of thieves, as couldn't 'oller murder nor nothink, thro' er 'air a-gaggin' on 'er as always were that wain as to wear fancy nightcaps with a pink linin', for fear of bein' seen by thieves a-breakin' in, or even bein' obligated to go down a fire-escape 'ead fust.

Me aud Brown didn't know nobody else besides ourselves, but thero was werry pleasant parties, and some on 'em a-speakin' French wonderful, as I knows a good deal more on myself than I did used to when I fust come to furrin parts, as is werry bewilderin' to any one as don't know no French.

I've 'eard parties talk a deal about French cleverness, and it certingly is wonderful 'ow they makes out what you means when you don't speak no French, and will bring you anythink as you wants at a 'otel by guest work, but of all the stupids over

their own langwidge, they beats anyone as ever I knowed or 'eard tell on, for I'm sure there was one waiter as only took and stared at me a-askin' 'im for the butter, as said to 'im quite plain, "Gasson," as means waiter, "Dela boure, sivel play," as is "Butter, if you please," all the world over, and then for the other one to pretend not to know as I wanted two heggs, and kep' me a-waitin' ever so long, tho' I said to 'im "Doo-oos" twenty times, as means two heggs, tho' when you wants one, you must call it a "Huff aller cock," or you won't get a 'en's hegg, as is their contrairy ways of callin' things, jest like forriners.

It give me sich a turn when we got to a place, where there was dinner, as they calls "Sang-mishell," but is really St. Michael, the same as where the orringes comes from as they sells in London; and was a-lookin' at them mountings all covered with snow, as they told me we was a-goin' to cross in a railroad.

"What," I says, "Brown, go all the way up to the top of them clouds."

"Yes," says he, "as is 'undreds of feet above the level of the sea."

I says, "Go on with your rubbish, why, there ain't no sea hereabouts."

He says, "No; but that's where they takes the measure from."

"Ah," I says, "then no wonder they gives sich short measure, for," I says, "'ow can they tell whether the sea is level all that way off, or the tide in or out, when they're a-measurin', as I've see 'em do it, with a line and lead at the end, as will sometimes go out for miles the same as the tide at Southend, as ain't reg'lar sea there neither, but only brackish."

Says Brown, "I don't think as ever there was sich a woman born to talk rubbish. I can't think where you gets it from."

I says, "Brown, if you're tired on me, and 'ave 'ticed me from my 'ome for to get rid on me, say so like a man; but don't insult me afore goin' up a mounting, as may be a-carryin' a joke too far; for," I says, "I never will believe as there ain't great dangers a railroad a-goin' up as might meet one a-comin' down, and then where should we all be? As would be wuss than meetin' a drove of bullocks, as we did on a narrer path in Scotland, as would 'ave swep' us over the rocks if it 'adn't been as I put my umbreller up sudden in their faces as scarified them, but wouldn't turn a steam-hingin' back with all its force."

Says Brown, "Never you fear, it's all right: there's plenty more a-goin', so you'll 'ave lots of company."

I says, "Mr. Brown, tho' in course it is a cor-

solation for to think as others is a-goin' to distraction over a pressypitch along with you, yet you didn't ought to make light of anythink so solem' "

"All right, tumble in," says Brown, "you'll be a jolly good buffer if there should be a collision."

I was that 'urt at bein' called a buffer by my own 'usban', as I couldn't 'ardly get thro' the door into that there railway-carridge, as was werry like a Merrykin one, with both ends open, as made it cooler at fust, but a dreadful deal of dust.

We went on ever so far only a-goin' up 'ill gentle like, and it kep' a-gettin' colder and colder. There was a werry nice lady as set next me, and talked werry friendly as we was goin' along, and kep' a-tellin' me a great deal about wot she'd been and seen.

She were a sorrerful sort of a party, and told us as she travelled for to meet with distraction.

"Law," says I, "'ow hawful; and do you expect to meet it on this journey?"

She says, "Certingly, or I should not 'ave come, for my friends begged and prayed on me not to trust myself to this 'ere cranky railroad."

"What," I says, "don't you consider as it is safe?"

"Well," she says, "parties 'as got over safe;

but, for my part, I'm quite indifferent, thro' bein' tired of life."

I says, "I wish as you'd just 'ave mentioned it afore we started, and I wouldn't 'ave come for the world." As I says, "I've 'arf a mind to get out now."

"Why," she says, "you'd be soon froze to death, as thousands 'as been; and would 'ave been more but for them monks as lives up 'ere, and goes a-'untin' for parties in the snow with big dogs."

I says, "More shame for'em, as in course is enuf to frighten anyone over a pressypitch, with monks and dogs 'untin' 'em down, jest for all the world like the wolves arter them poor deers, as I've heard tell on, as jumps over the rocks, and is dashed to pieces to save their lives."

Well, it was a-gettin' colder and colder with night a-settin' in, and that lady, as kep' lookin' out of winder, she says to me, "That's a nice place to fall over."

So I gets up and looks, and if we wasn't elose ag'in the hedge of the mounting, with nothink for to save us from a-goin' over, as must 'ave been 'undreds of thousands of milcs, with a river at the bottom, and jest then there come a wiolent bump.

So I screams out, "Help!" as made everyone jump up, and in come Brown, as were a-standin'

outside the carriage a-smokin,' and says, "Never mind 'er, ladies, it's a way as my old lady 'ave got."

I says, "It ain't my ways as they need mind, but their own, as is not a 'air'sbreath from overturnin', and out I means to get and walk."

Says Brown, "You ain't a-goin' to do nothink of the sort, so set still will you, and don't espose your hignorance."

I was that 'urt at bein' spoke to like that, and called old afore strangers by my own lawful 'usban', that I busted into tears, tho' pre'aps Brown were right, for in course I could not 'ave got out to walk, thro' them Halps bein' all snow and slush, and sich wild lookin' characters about the place, with long spades, as said as they 'ad been a-clearin' away the snow, but in course was briggins.

For as to the snow bein' swep' away, they 'adn't been and done it proper, for after that steam-hingin' a-puffin' away ever so long, we stuck fast in a dark place.

So I says to that lady, a-whisperin', "Whatever are they stoppin' for?"

"Why," she says, "pre'aps the snow, as 'ave kep' parties 'ere by the week together."

"Mussy on us," I says, "why, my prowisions never won't 'old out not for one meal for them as is

in this carriage," for I felt as in course I must 'and it round.

Well, jest there come another bump, and then we stopped short.

"Ah!" says the lady, "the hingin ain't strong enuf."

"Yes," says Brown, a-lookin' in at the door, "they're a-goin' to take arf the train off, and go up with that fust, and then come back for us."

"What!" I says, "leave us here to be froze to death?"

"Rubbish," says Brown.

Jest then the carriage began to slip backwards.

I says, "We're a-goin' the wrong way."

"Yes," says the lady, "they often slips back like this a long way."

"Why, then," I says, "pre'aps we shall slide all the way down back ag'in into France, and go over a pressypitch arter all."

Says Brown, "I tell you what it is, old lady, if you goes on like this, they'll 'ave you turned out as a nuisance, and I shau't interfere, I can tell you."

Well, jest then, we was dragged up to the top, as made some on 'em in the other carriages give to 'oorayin' for joy to think as they was safe.

"Ah!" says the lady, "it's all werry well we're up, but 'ave got for to go down the other side."

"What!" I says, "is it as steep as wot we've come, and us a-goin' down full pelt all that way? Well, then," I says, "it's murder and madness, and if there's laws, I'll punish 'em if anythink 'appens to me, for," I says, "my life's insured for two 'undred pounds in Hingland, and the Company 'll take it up, for they won't pay their money for me to go over a pressypitch, as ain't nat'ral death, as I've insured ag'in."

Well, jest then, we was off with a jerk, and if we didn't take and slide down that mounting full pelt, as the sayin' is, right slap into Hitaly, and might 'ave gone further, and run into the sea, but for the custom-'ouse, as stopped us for to see as we wasn't a-smugglin' nothink.

I says to that lady, "What downright idjots forriners is," the ideer of smugglers 'ere, as any fool knows always lives by the sea-side, like Will Watch, as them preventertive men did always used to be on the look out for on the cliffs at Margate, and my dear mother know'd a-party well as 'ad been and married one of the lot, and did used to 'ave lovely lace, with real French brandy, as they did used to run cargoes on, with smuggled tea, as were called gunpowder, and often caused bloodshed, as is all done away with now, thro' the duty bein' took off, as is what England did used to espect every man to do, and was that partikler in searchin' on 'em in

landin' from France, as I well remembers 'earin' tell of a lady as landed that lusty figger, as made 'em suspect as 'er back were all French lace, and took and plunged a iron skewer in jest above 'er waist, as proved to be nothink but flesh and blood, as they drawed pretty free, with 'er screamin' ten thousand murders, as in course a iron skewer ain't no joke jest under your arm, partikler with a inflammable subject.

I never did see anythink like that custom-'ouse never for confusions, and me a-runnin' 'ere and there and everywhere, till Brown he come and says, "You old women are a reg'lar nuisance; do be quiet, will you?"

I says, "It's all werry fine," but I says, "I can't find my black bag with the night things, as I couldn't sleep a wink without."

Says Brown, "Oh, fiddle; what's it matter what you sleep in, as can bundle yourself into bed somehow."

I says, "Mr. Brown, I'll trouble you not for to mention me a-bundlin' into bed afore a crowd like this."

I 'ad to see arter everythink, for as to Brown, he sets there for all the world like a siphon, and when I'd been and collected all my things, and unlocked my two boxes, them custom-'ouse officers only bows, and marks 'em with a bit of chalk, and

says, "That'll do," leastways meant it, for they pretty soon put me into another train, as were lovely carriages, with werry nice clean crochey work 'ung round jest where the 'eads often marks the back of the carriages, thro' 'air-ile bein' used too free, leastways grease, as is nasty 'abits.

CHAPTER II.

TURIN.

I DON'T think as ever I were more glad to get anywheres than into that Tureen, as they calls the place we slep' at, as is one of their rubbishy names, without no sense to 'em, tho' I'm sure if they wants a name for rubbish, they might call it Soup not Tureen, for of all the 'ot water with a taste of grease in it, as ever I tried to get down, it's their potash, as they calls soup.

I should 'ave slep' werry well but for the pillers, as is that 'ard and large as they reachs below your blade-bones, and won't let you lay down, but keeps you that propped up, as get to sleep I couldn't, so 'ad to get out of bed and make a bolster of my own things for to prop up my 'ead; but as to Brown, he would sleep with 'is 'ead on the block, I do believe, as the sayin' is.

Tureen is a fine place certingly, and did used to belong to the King of the Sardeens, till the King

of Hitaly come and turned 'im out, as went to live in Florence, where the ile comes from, as were its ruin, thro' a-takin' away 'is capital.

"Ah," I says to Mrs. Maltby, "no one can't get on without a little capital;" she were a werry nice lady, and 'er and me 'ad made friends thro' a-travellin' to Hitaly for the benefit of 'er 'usban's 'ealth, 'as 'ad the dry asma, and never laid down since a boy, so in course enjoyed them Hitalian pillers, as keeps everybody bolt upright, as is pre'aps the reason them Hitalians as 'em, for they're a asmatic lot all over the place, jest like the Merry-kins, as is beastly 'abits in church, and don't seem proper respect for to make a spittoon of a place of worship, as is a thing I don't 'old with out of a tap-room.

There was one man as I couldn't stand, as Muffit were 'is name, he'd been a schoolmaster, and know'd a deal of book learnin', tho' I considers 'im a born fool in 'is talk, a-makin' remarks as would make a cat larf, only she'd 'ave too much sense for to listen to 'im. I'm sure it's a good thing as he 'ad a corf, for it often stopped 'im in the middle of 'is rubbish.

There wasn't no love lost between me and 'im, and the way as he'd take and correct me a-talkin' was downright hinsults, so I says to 'im one day, as we was a-goin' along, and he took me up about

somethink, I says, "When I wants to go to school I'll go, and don't want none of your hinstructions gracious."

He says, "You means gratis, t i s," a-spellin' of it to me.

I says, "I means jest what I've said."

"Ah," he says, "the schoolmaster weren't abroad when you was a gal."

"No," I says, "he wasn't, but I wish to goodness he'd 'ave stopped at 'ome now as I'm abroad," and so everyone bust out a-larfin' as turned the larf agin 'im, as a party, as was a-settin' near me told me in a whisper as he were a reg'lar prig.

"Ah," I says, "no doubt," so kep' my eye on my gentleman, when we got to one place where we was to change trains, and see my lord a-coolly walkin' off with my bag.

So I 'urries arter 'im, and says, "Now you jest drop it."

So he stares, and says, "Drop what?"

"Why," I says, "this bag, as is my property," and I snatches it out of 'is 'and, and says, "it's only 'cos I don't want to make no disturbance that I don't give you in charge, but I will tell you on the quiet, as you're well beknown, so 'ad better be off, for you won't get nothink by a-stoppin', for if anythink is missed, you're spotted."

He says, "Are you mad or drunk?"

I says, "Neither."

"Oh," he says, "I won't stand this," and fetches the party as was a-lookin' arter us all, and tells 'im as I'd said as he were a thief.

"Well," I says, "and so you are, for I ketched you a-'ookin' it with my bag, and that gent there told me you was a reg'lar thief."

Well, and if that party didn't take and deny it.

Oh, there was such a row. Brown, he come up and says, "I shall 'ave to lock you up afore I've done with you."

So I says to that other party, "Why, it ain't a 'our ago as you said he were a reg'lar prig, as means thief all the world over."

"No," he says, "it only means any one as sticks theirselves up for to know heverythink."

"Well," I says, "that's what it may mean in French, but prig is thief in plain English."

I were that tired a-goin' about all over that Tureen as I couldn't 'ardly crawl up to bed, as was a nice room, but too many glass doors in it for me, as is transparent thro' muslin curtings with a candle behind; so 'ad to pin up my shawl across the winder for to be that retirin' in goin' to bed, partikler as the doors was werry rickety, and me that timbersome about thieves; and as for Brown, he's that sleeper as he ain't no more protection than sleepin' with a infant, and I do not think he'd

'ave cared if I 'ad been carried off, he was in such a rage about me a-takin' that 'ere Muffit for a thief, as nothink but a reg'lar polergy wouldn't satisfy; and even then dead sulky, tho' I did say as it were all thro' me not a-understandin' French, as that other party did not ought to 'ave spoke to me.

I don't know 'ow long I'd been asleep, when I looks up and sees two parties jest a-goin' out of the room, one on 'em with a trunk on 'is back; so I sets up in bed, and ollers out that loud as made the feller with the trunk drop it on the other one's foot, as were Muffit, as 'ad the room inside of ourn, as I did not know about, and were a-goin' off early.

He used frightful langwidge, a-'oppin' about 'ollerin' as if 'is foot were broke, and abused me frightful.

So I says, "'Ow dare you be in my room, as if I 'ad a 'usban' with the sperrits of a mouse would take and punch your 'ead," for I owed 'im one, and give it 'im, a-pretendin' not to understand as he'd been brought through my room.

Well, Brown, he woke up, and if he didn't take and say as I did ought to polergize to the gentleman, for the sight of me in bed, as were enough to scarrify any one as weren't used to it, if it were only my night-cap border, as I always

likes deep over the face for a pertection ag'in drafts.

I 'adn't no time for no more sleep, for we 'ad to go on to Genower, as they calls it, as is where the welwet comes from, as is a old aucient city full of pallises and sich like, as is all werry grand, but don't bring no peace to the 'art, though all painted beautiful; and as to the churches, I never did, they'd been and even put picters up in the roof, as were break-neck work to look at.

We 'ad a lovely ride all round that place in carriages, as looked jest like a percession, and parties stared 'ard, as I says to Mrs. Maltby, they don't often see so much flesh and blood about the place, thro' bein' a saller lot theirselves.

I never did see sich narrer streets, never, as I do assure you it were sometimes as much as ever I could do for to pass one stout party as I met, even with a good squeeze, as ain't pleasant with a stranger, as is werry much give to garlic and snuff, let alone a donkey with a load of wood, as nearly grounded me to powder ag'in the wall.

We only stopped the night at Genower. I don't think as ever I did see more lovelier mountings than them Happy Nines, tho' I'm sure there must 'ave been fifty on 'em, as we was dragged up aud down, as must 'ave been dreadful work for them 'orses, as I must say as I wonders they don't shove parties

up and down them Halps, as is done by steam, and no cruelty to hanimals in that, as can only bust their bilers at the wust.

I'm sure it's a wonder as I didn't bust altogether, thro' a-gettin' out jest to walk a bit, and give the 'orses a chance, as a young gent persuaded me to, a-sayin' it were quite as easy as 'Oburn 'Ill did used to be for 'uman bein's, and only made into a wire-duck for the sake of the cattle.

So I got out thro' bein' rather squeeze up in a undersized bus atween two gents as was full-sized, and pre'aps a little over, and we was a-walkin' werry gentle, when another gent come up and said as he'd show 'em short cuts.

So I says, "None of your short cuts for me, as will lead to returns, for I can't never go up no scraggs of rocks, as is werry well for them as is lean, but," I says, "you go on, and I'll take my time."

So off they sets, a-climin' up like the mounting goat, as is that sure-footed as he can't fall off if ho wanted to, and jest then all them buses and coaches as we'd got out on come a-flyin' by reg'larly smotherin' us with dust, and when I come to look round, if I wasn't alone, so, I says, "All right, I ain't afeard," and on I walks till that tired as I set down on a parrypitch wall for to rest, and jest took a drain for fear as that mounting hair might strike cold to me.

I'd jest got up, and was a-startin' on ag'in, when I 'eard a-screechin' and a-shoutin', and if there wasn't some of them forrin Italians a-runnin' down the 'ill, and come at me like mad, a-ketchin' 'old on me afore I could get my umbreller up for to ward 'em off, and for all the 'ollerin' as I give went to they awled and pulled at me, and made me run along with them. I thought in course they was briggins, and give myself over for lost, when I looks up, and if there wasn't all them coaches a-waitin', and Brown a-goin' on a-sayin' as he wished as I 'ad been left behind.

I 'adn't no breath left to say nothink, and were 'uddled into that carridge speechless for ever so long, and I do think as I should 'ave died if one of them ladies 'adn't borrered 'er 'usban's knife, and took and cut my laces on the quiet, as give me wonderful ease, and didn't matter, a-settin' still with my shawl on, tho' awkward when I come for to get out, for she'd been and cut everythink up my back, so all my clothes was 'augin' about like cobwebs, and got under my feet as made me pitch out of that bus rather too sharp for them porters, as was knocked back'ards in a-tryin' to ketch me.

I never did see anything like Brown for a-turnin' ag'in me, for if he didn't take and say, "Well, Martha, don't 'urry, if you are tired, you needn't take and undress afore everyone like this."

I says, "Brown, that's a dear, jest see if you can put me together any'ow, for walk upstairs decent I can't, not even back'ards."

Well, he couldn't make nothink on it, and if it 'adn't been for that good soul, Mrs. Maltby, as throwed 'er railway rug round me, I never should 'ave got safe to a room, where I 'ad my work cut out for to make myself common decent, so as to go on by the train, as was a-waitin' for us.

We got to Peeser, as they calls it, tho' spelt quite different, as is more ancients than Genower, and a werry sing'ler-built place, and done all of a 'urry, I should say, for many of the buildin's is werry tumble down; and one 'igh place as they calls the Tower, tho' no more like it than I am to a hegg-shell, that's all a one side, and must come hover some day with a puff of wind; and so I says when they wanted me to go up it, I says, "Never!" and them as does did ought to be careful not to stand on the side as leans over, or they'll bring it down with a run with their weights.

Brown, he would go up, of course, jest out of bravo, as the sayin' is; but didn't get much for 'is pains, except is 'ead nearly blowed off.

There's a wonderful old church close ag'in that Tower, but not so near as to be 'urt by that if it was to fall, as shows their sense as built it; but wot I like best was a lovely symmetry, as they

calls a Scamper-Santer, as is Italian for berryin'-ground, as were brought over in ship-loads from the 'Oly Land.

It certingly is a lovely spot, with paintin's all round, tho' hawful subjects, as is werry proper for to remind you of what we must all come to; and there was the grave of Madam Catalarny, as I've 'eard my dear mother speak on as could sing that loud for parties to 'ear 'er all over the world, as is werry wonderful no doubt, but don't suit a small room, for I'm sure I 'ad a uncle as would sing "Rule Britannier" that loud arter supper when fust comin' 'ome from sea, that the neighbours both sides sent in, and them as was oppersite wanted the perlice to interfere, thro' not bein' able to sleep for 'im.

There was another place as we went into as did used to be a church, but only used for Christnin's now, and to sell fottygraphts in, tho' a lovely pulpit, quite as good as new.

I can't say as I cares for Peeser, as is a mean place arter Genower or even Tureen.

CHAPTER III.

ROME.

It were a long ride as we took from Peeser to Rome, but didn't think nothink on it thro' all a-wishin' to get there, as was that full as there wasn't no lodgin's to be 'ad.

"Well," I says, "I 'opes as it ain't like Margate," for I should not like to be reduced to a bathin'-machine among forriners, as all bathes together; for, tho' dressed, it ain't pleasant to be cheek by jowl under them circumstances.

But I says, "Why ever should the place be that full as ain't the sea-side?"

"Oh," says Mrs. Maltby, "they've got a great meetin' there, for to find out about the Pope's inflammability."

"Oh," I says, "indeed," a-knowin' as it's a great pint, partikler in a accident; for there was old Mrs. Buddle, as I knowed well, she didn't want Buddle for to draw another bottle of 'er elder, and

put the corkscrew in 'er pocket to 'ide it, and forgot all about it, till a-settin' down sudden in chapel, as 'er screams stopped the preachin', with lock-jaw a threatenin', thro' being that inflammible as in course a Pope might be liable to, as will come from cuttin' a corn.

Mrs. Maltby is a good soul, but not sharp like, and I never see a woman fix 'er eyes on you, and stare like a stuck pig, as the sayin' is, and I'm sure don't understand 'arf I'm a-talkin' about.

We didn't get to Rome till late at night, with sich a-crowdin' and shovin' and 'ollerin', not but what they was werry perlite to me, never openin' a box nor nothink.

I'm sure I shouldn't 'ave 'ad the strength to say no, if they'd took the teeth out of my 'ead afore my eyes, I was that hawful tired, and I says to Brown, "Get me a bed, that's all I asks;" for as to supper I couldn't 'ave eat a bit, not if it 'ad been the Pope 'isself as 'ad asked, as is no doubt grander than the Lord Mare's feast, and was that thankful for to find myself atween the sheets, as the sayin' is.

Talk of doin' at Rome as the Romans does, why you're obligated to or else go without, for I'm sure the 'otels is that crowded as they won't 'ardly look at you, and as to ans'erin' a question, you might keep on speakin' till you bust, till it suits them,

not but what they all speaks Hinglish, leastways understands them as does, even down to the carridges in the streets, as'll drive over your feet for to make you get in, leastways that's what one did to me the werry fust time as I walked out the next mornin'

Brown and me started together, but he'd been and forgot 'is 'ankercher, as ain't a pleasant thing with a cold in your 'ead, as I told 'im he'd 'ave, thro' that wind in them Happynines, with both winders down, as were a constant thurrer draft.

Well, he turned back for to get the 'ankercher, and I wandered on slow, when about six little hopen carridges come a-drivin' up that close to me, as I thought must 'ave crushed me up ag'in the wall, so for to save my feet, as is always tender, I jest stepped up the step of one of them carridges, as went on with a wiolent jerk, and throwed me into the seat 'ead fust, and afore I could get right, that boy 'ad drove on ever so fast, so I takes my umbreller and pitches into 'is back as 'ard as I could, a-'ollerin' stop, and the more I 'it and 'ollered the faster he went on till, as luck would 'ave it, the wheel went ag'in a cart and pitched me out, as wasn't far to fall, tho' it give me a dreadful turn.

A reg'lar crowd come up, and perlice, and all manner, and I was dreadful afraid as they'd take and put that boy into the inquersition, as I've 'eard

speak on, for they took and 'owled and scowled at 'im orful, and made 'im come back to where I'd come from, and jest then we met Brown and a young man, as is the interrupter, as they calls 'im.

Well, that boy with the carridge told 'im as I 'ailed 'im thro' a-'oldin' up my 'and, as was only to shade the sun out of my heyes, and then drove on quick, 'cos he thought by me a-pitchin' into 'im with my umbreller, I was in a desperate 'urry.

I 'ad for to go back and set myself to rights, but then 'ad a carridge all nice for Brown and me, and Mr. and Mrs. Maltby. Mr. Muffit he wanted to come on the box, and said as he could explain all about Rome, thro' 'avin' 'ad a uncle as knowed Cæsar well, and was considered werry like 'im.

I'd been and told Mrs. Maltby on the quiet, as I didn't want 'im and she give 'er 'usban' the hoffice, as choked 'im off, "For," as I says, "tho' no doubt it might be a convenience for to 'ave a friend of Cæsar's along with us, yet I thought as you might buy gold too dear."

I'm sure my 'ead's in that confusion as I don't know what I 'ave seen and what I 'aven't, for what with Rome in ruins and Rome out, I never was so dragged about a place in all my born days.

They says as Rome wasn't built in a day, and I'm sure it must 'ave took years to pull it down, as is built that solid as the ruins would last out many

a new 'ouse as is all lath and plaster, and not meant to last but for a lease now-a-days, and sich a lot of it under ground still, as is why they calls it the Internal City no doubt, as part on it 'ave been dug up ag'in, as they do say was Cæsar's pallis, not as I can make out wherever they lived, as must 'ave been dreadful drafty places, as is all ruins now; and talk of shootin' dry rubbish as they calls it, why they've been and shot it all over the place.

I says to Mrs. Maltby, "Why ever the Pope don't take and 'ave all them hold tumble down ruins pulled down reg'lar and build the place up respectable ag'in, the same as Paris."

Of course Brown were down my throat for sayin' so, and says as I were that hignorant as not to be fit for to come and see nothink, as them ruins was the wonder of the world.

"Well," I says, "and so they may be, for it's enough to make any one stare to think as they ain't all been carted away long ago for to mend the roads, as wants it bad enough, for I'm sure the ruts is frightful," and my constant terrors in them little shays, as shows the sense of them bishops as rides out in carriages as 'eavy as dust-carts, with three footmen 'angin' on behind to 'old 'em up in case of accidents.

I never did see such a tumble-down old place as they calls the Collysseum, with the roof all off, and

such stairs all broke, as 'ave turned out a reg'lar failure, for all the world like the one in the Regency Park, as I'm told they're a-goin' to pull down, and build over the grououd; and it'll be a werry good thing when the Pope does the same with 'is'n, as I'm sure might make a fortune out of the hold bricks, for there must be millions on 'em, as is always worth so much a thousand, as I well knows thro' Brown's uncle bein' in that line.

I'm sure that Collysseum did not ought to be left in that tumble-down state, full of 'oles, as is 'ighly dangerous, partikler for parties as goes to see it by moonlight, as Mrs. Maltby she persuaded me to, tho' I told her as the night-air were treacherous with the moon near the full.

It is a wonder as ever I did come back alive, thro' a slippin' down a 'ole in takin' of the wrong turnin', as were misled by a light as I follered thro' a-seein' it shine along a narrer passage, and come down sich a flop, not as it were far as I fell, but I couldn't get up ag'in was it ever so.

I 'ollered for 'elp, but there was lots of parties a-talkin' and jaggerin' away in their gibberish all over the place, so couldn't make myself 'eard, till at last a sojer come to the 'edge, and calls out.

I says, "I 'opes, for mussy sake, as he won't fire," and for fear as he should, kep' quiet; and there I stopped ever so long, till I 'eard 'em a-callin'

out to me, "Mrs. Brown, were ever are you?" and wouldn't 'ave found me then but for a young gentleman as were Hinglish a-comin' by with a man and a torch, and ketched sight on me.

How they got me out and 'ome I can't tell, for I felt more dead than alive, and Mr. Muffit he said the next day, at breakfast, as I was like a early Christshun Martha—throwed to the lions.

I says, "I'd thank you not to make so free with my Christshun name as is what my godfathers and godmothers give me; and as to lions, I never want to see no more, if they're like them 'oles in that Collysseum, as I'm sure the Pope would 'ave filled up if he were to 'ear on it bein' that dangerous to Christshuns."

"Ah!" says Mr. Muffit, "Christshuns always did suffer there thro' bein' dewoured by wild beasts."

I says, "Do you mean to say as the Pope keeps a wild beast show there?"

Says Brown, "Oh, do shut up, and don't go on a-mixin' things up like that. Why, they're talkin' about what was there 'undreds of years ago."

"Well," I says, "some wild beasts lives to great hages, for there was Mrs. Weatherley as kep' the 'Blue Lion' at Horselydown, she 'ad a parrot over heighy as talked and swore jest like a

Christshun, for I've 'eard it myself, and could blow 'is nose that loud as would defy detection."

I could 'ave told 'em a deal more, only they was all a-goin' to start off somewheres, and never did listen to what I were a-sayin', all but one young gentleman, 'im as found me in the 'ole at the Collyseum; he would listen for the 'our together, tho' a bad 'abit of bustin' out a-larfin' with 'is mouth full and nothink to larf at, as is young people's ways.

We was all a-goin' to see St. Peter's, as is the biggest church in the world, they do say, as the Pope is the minister at.

"Well," I says, "I do not 'old with a-goin' to church for sight seein', as is the reason as I never did 'ear Spurgin, but," I says, "in course the Pope's werry different."

One lady, she was werry kind a-recommendin' me for to 'ave a camp-stool.

"What," I says, "a camp-stool in a church like the sea-side. Ain't there no free seats," for, I says, "I don't want to be showed into a pew, as in course is filled up with 'em as 'ave settin's there reg'lar;" the same as Mr. Beecher over in Merryker as sells 'is pews by auction, so as it may be all fair, and the poor 'ave the same chance of a seat as the rich.

That St. Peter's is that large as I should call a unwieldly size myself, tho' when fust I see it I thought as it were small, but of all the crowdin',

and shovin', and pushin', and 'awlin', as ever I see it was in that church, as were more like a fair than a place of wusship; and as to my camp-stool, I 'adn't 'ardly set down on it than a lot of parties as was bein' kep' back by sojers, came right on me, and swep' me off it in a minit.

They was werry perlite, a-tryin' to lift me up, but, bless you, there was too much British flesh and blood about me for them Romans to tackle, so I struggled on to my feet alone, arter pullin' two priests and a sojer over as tried to 'elp me.

Whatever were a-goin' on in that church I don't know, for I couldn't see anythink for the crowd, and could only 'ear some singin' a long way off.

There wasn't no horgin a-playin', as is wot I likes to 'ear in church, nor yet no pulpit nor readin'-desk wisible, tho' there was a 'igh place like a four-post bed in the middle; but a deal too much tarin' about for me, and so I told Mrs. Maltby, as 'ad one of 'er bad 'eadaches, so 'ome we went.

It's all my own fault no doubt, but tho' I've been took everywhere in Rome and out too, I can't make out nothink about it.

There's places they calls baths, as you never see sich 'oles, with no roofs nor yet no water neither, as is a thing as them Romans don't care much about, I should say; but no wonder they come to a bad end

if they went on like that, a-livin' in such places, and a-wearin' 'ardly no clothes like them statutes ; as they may well call 'em antics, for I never see sich games as they must 'ave been up to, as in course the Pope 'ave put down thro' bein' a fatherly man as makes some parties werry much ag'in 'im, and would like for to pull 'im down.

He certainly 'ave a wonderful voice for to stand at a open winder and be 'eard all over the place, and not 'ollerin' neither, tho' one old feller as were, I think, of the Scotch persuasion, he said as he 'adn't a finer voice than Mr. Sturgin, as preaches somewheres over in the Burrer.

So I says, "So much the better for Sturgin," for I see as that old chap meant sneers, and I says, "Let 'em as likes Sturgin stick to Sturgin, and them as likes to set under the Pope let 'em."

For I was downright sick of 'earin' that ignorant old man a-runnin' down 'is betters, and a-goin' on as if he know'd everythink, and I says to Mrs. Maltby, "It's lucky as he ain't the Pope, for I'm sure he'd try and make us swaller all the rubbish as he's a-talkin' everlastin'."

I don't think as ever I could 'ave believed there was so many bishops in the world as I see at that St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, but of all the lovely music, it was them silver trumpets as is a music as I don't 'old with in the general way, for they are that

distractin', or else beastly squeaky all over the place.

The church were that full with Kings and Queens, and all manner as 'ave been drove away from their 'omes, and the Pope 'ave took in as shows a kind 'art, as is what I 'olds with, partikler in a clergyman.

But not for all the Popes as ever was would you get me in such a crowd ag'in, and all them 'ours too, for we 'ad to be there long afore it begun, and never got out ag'in till past twelve o'clock, and then a crowd enough to squeeze your life out.

Some of them bishops was that orty, a-comin' prancin' in their carridges, but there was others quite 'umble as 'ad their things in a bundle for to change afore goin' in to see the Pope, as is no doubt werry partikler, and makes 'em wear nice clean caps on their 'eads, like French cooks, instead of them wigs as I well remcmbers when a gal, a-seein' a live archbishop as lived down by Lambeth Walk, and 'ad 'ad two or three wivs with a fine family, but not all at once, as he were proud on; as was all right, for he'd plenty to leave 'em to keep 'em comfortable, tho' they 'ad to turn out of the 'ouse when he died, as scemed 'ard on 'is good lady, poor thing, as were quite the lady, and I see 'er myself go out to Queen Wictorier's grand ball all dimons and feathers, as looked werry becomin' in a bishop's lady.

I never see parties be'avin' wuss than they did in that church, and some as called theirselves ladies a-shovin' in to take your place, and a-standin' up right afore you, and obligated for to 'ave sojers to keep horder, as shows what a unruly lot they must be; and 'owever the Pope can say 'is prayers in peace with all that row a-goin' on, I can't make out, as shows what it is to 'ave a good consence.

I must say as I thought as he looked pale, tho' a firm step, and a heye that fierce as in course is necessary with all them bishops to look arter, as is a wild lot, and would soon be a-tryin' to be masters, and no doubt kick over their traces, as the sayin' is, if he didn't keep a sharp look out, as they do say some on 'em is werry rich, partikler one as they calls 'Ungry, as they means pre'aps greedy, for he's a rich as Creases, as the sayin' is, tho' like a many other sayin's only jest foolishness, for there ain't nothink rich about 'em, tho' some finds 'em indigestible.

There was one of them bishops as they said was from Greece, as looked a deal richer than any one else, and wore a crown like a king, with long ringlets down 'is back, and lovely purple sattin, as wasn't no cotton backed rubbish. He set close ag'in the Pope, as no doubt liked to 'ave 'is heye upon 'im, for them Greeshuns always is a troublesome lot, whether in Ireland or out of it, and they

do say as not even the Pope 'isself can always keep 'em in order.

There was bishops from the North Pole as lives on hiebugs and never sees the sun, and bishops from the Hinges as is what the world turus on and the sun never sets, and as to colours, they're black and blue and brown and purple and pink and yaller as is like the rainbow round the Pope, as looked like the sun in the middle on 'em, and all calls 'im father, as is werry wonderful when we knows as even in a small congregation they can't never agree, for there was Bethesda at the back of us, as I can 'ear the singin' of a Sunday evenin', when electin' a new minister reg'lar split in 'arf, and built three new chapels out of it, and obligated to 'ave the perlice in to keep order, and ouc of the deakins 'it the minister over the 'cad with the keys of the chapel, and I well remembers the Established Church breakin' out in a row about the surplus, as put the minister that out as he took and burnt the clerk with the red 'ot poker, out of the westry fire, in the 'eat of the moment, as was a werry painful persitiou, as he 'ad to apolergize for besides payin' the fine to the clerk as he'd been and afflicted it on, besides 'is clothes destroyed, in a cowardly act as tho magistracy said were mean to take any one unawares like that, in a minister as said he didn't mean it, but was all the same in the hend, as tho' he 'ad.

There was a dreadful rush for to see the Pope carried about in 'is chair, as I'm sure I'd never 'ave let 'em carry me like a Guy Fox, as was 'ighly dangerous up all them stairs to a winder as he were a-goin' to give 'is blessin' from ; not as they'd go to drop 'im for the purpose, but I do not 'old with trustin' yourself to nobody to carry you as long as you've got the use of your limbs, tho' them stairs is certingly a trial, and if I was Pope, give me the ground floor.

I don't think as ever I were swep' out of a place more rapider than I were out of that church, with my shoes trod down at 'eel, and my camp-stool nowheres, tho' I could pretty near swear as I see a fieldmale with it hunder 'er harm, but in course 'adn't marked it so as to indemnify it, and 'ad to put up with the loss, tho' I must say as I do not consider it the hact of a lady for to take the camp-stool from hunder you, with your back only turned for a minit.

I were thankful for to get out of that church into the hopen hair ag'in, tho' a 'ot brilin' sun as we 'ad to stand in ever so long, for the Pope to come out at a winder on the fust floor over the church, as is where he lives and gives 'is blessin' to all that crowd as was that silent, as you might 'ear a pin drop, as the sayin' is, with that Pope's voice quite laudible above it all.

It were a wonderful sight, and then when he'd went in ag'in, and all them bishops and cardinals began a-goin' ome in their carriages, they looked that grand as any one might fancy as they was so many Lord Mares shows.

So at last I says to Mrs. Maltby, "What a pity as them bishops don't bring their good ladies with 'em."

"Law," she says, "they ain't allowed to marry."

I says, "Oh, indeed."

"No," she says, "no Catholic priests ain't."

"Ah," I says, "I knows that, and it's a mussy as they don't, for I'm sure they're that poor their-selves as wives must be drudges, and their children in rags; but," I says, "surely them popes and cardinals might support a family, if they can keep them carriages and dress that 'ansom, with all that lovely silk and lace."

Brown, he were down my throat when we was alone, a-sayin' if the Pope were a married man there would be a pretty kettle of fish, and all them cardinals married too.

"Well," I says, "certingly I 'ave knowed dreadful troubles myself thro' ministers bein' married men, for there was one close ag'in the Curting Road as 'ad nine children, and lost 'is good lady when the tenth were born, and that distracted as he

wanted for to dash 'is 'ead to atoms ag'in the pulpit, but were prewented thro' the beadle's staff, and took and married his own natural schoolmissis within the year, as were younger than 'is eldest daughter, and took to drinkin' in the hend, with 'is debts paid twice by the Bishop of Bloomsberry.

"And then there were another, Bethnal Green Church, as were drove to distraction thro' constant twins, and cut 'is own throat in tremperry insanity, as were sewed up in the 'ospital, but never could 'old 'is 'ead up ag'in no more, as were no doubt a-owin' to the thread bein' too short, as often leads to puckers."

I never did know such a man as Brown to drop off while you're a-talkin' to 'im, and then to take and stand me out in the mornin' as I'd told 'im the Pope 'ad been drove to distraction thro' a large family and all wantin' to be bishops; as iu course he'd been and dreamt about.

They was all a-goin' on constant a-talkin' about the Pope and 'is ways, partikler one Pope Jones as they said were a fieldmale, as some says as he never esisted.

"Well," I says, "I can't say as I know'd anythink about it, but 'ave 'eard a aunt of mine talk about Pope Joan often, as were made game on, and showed me the board as belonged to 'er, and why

not the same as picter cards is called kings and queens."

Not as ever we talked much about them things, as Brown said might bring on words, partikler with the Merrykins as will walk about a-spittin' all over the place jest like the Italians, a-sayin' as everythink was 'umbug; nothink wasn't like Merryker; and as to the paintin's, they'd got better over there, and it was well known as the Merrykins could make better statutes than any Romans as ever lived.

In course I didn't say nothink thro' 'avin' been over there and seen their rubbish, and if it makes them 'appy to go on a-boastin' like that, why let 'em, 'cos nobody don't believe 'em. So it can't do no 'arm, only it's a pity as they does it, as only makes fools of themselves, and causes redicule behind their backs.

I must say as I've 'eard many Merrykius speak werry kind about the Pope, and say as if he'd come over there he'd be all right; and one on 'em 'ave offered 'im a unin'abited 'ighland to live on, where nobody wouldn't dare murlest 'im; and that Grabidaldi dursn't show 'is face, cos 'im and another did used to live over there, and was in bissiness in the soap and candle line, as they burnt their fingers at, and was wanted one fine day, as the sayin' is; but that was long afore he set up for a Italian nero, as some eousiders 'im, tho', for my

part, I never did 'old with none of them Chartists, nor yet Finnyuns neither.

I must say as the way some parties goes on about the Pope is great liberties I considers, a-callin' on 'im names, as is downright actionable, I should say; and there was a 'ole lot as come to Rome as were of the raw Scotch persuasion, partikler one as called 'erself MacBean, as stood over five feet nine in 'er stockin' feet, and spoke that Scotchy as you couldn't 'ardly understand her.

That woman were a downright prosecution to me, and would go about the place a-rushin' more like a lamplighter than a Christian, as she was always a-sayin' she was, and a-beggin' of me to be one if it was only to obleege 'er.

So I says, "I'd thank you for to let my religion alone, as ain't a matter I chooses for to talk about; so you go your ways, and I'll go mine."

But let me alone she never would, not as ever I fancied 'er, for, tho' fond of the Scotch thro' bein' that way on the father's side myself, I can't a-bear none of their overbearin' ways.

I only wish as I'd took and settled 'er at once, for as to bein' cold-shouldered, there wasn't no doin' it; and a nice mess she pretty nigh got me into.

She was remarkable plain, and never forty no more in this world, with shoulders fit for a coal-

'eaver, and blowed 'er nose that wiolet blast as made you jump ag'in. Well, all as I could do, she would stick to me that fieldmale, as I always called 'er the raw-boned racer, and never wanted to 'ave nothink to do with 'er, as am one not to care for no acquaintances, though I'd stick to a friend as long as there was a crust to be got; and 'ave done so, as is well beknown, tho' small thanks for my pains. But as to Miss MacBean, as I've said, I didn't know nothink about 'er, nor didn't belong to our party, but got a-talkin' to me in the salong, as they means drorin'-room, of a evenin', and asks me if I'd come out a little way with 'er some day, thro' 'er maid bein' unwell.

I says, "You don't want no maid to take you about."

She says, "My ma won't let me move alone."

I says, "Wherever is your ma?"

She says, "Never leaves 'er room."

"Ah!" I says, "bedridden, as a melancholy hend to hold hage."

She says, "Ma is not so old, it's lumbago."

"Oh," I says, "that is a nasty thing," a-feelin' certing as 'er ma must be as hold as Jerusalem.

So sho goes on a-talkin' a deal about Rome, and as she should liko to show it me on the quiet.

Well, two days arter that they was all a-goin' to

see a somethink as I did 'ear the name, but 'ave forgot, but any'ow was baths with the roof off, as is more like hold dust-'oles than baths. So I said as I should stop at 'ome and be quiet.

Jest as I were a-settin' down for to do some repairs, as them washer women 'ad grounded my things to powder a-washin' em with the scrubbin'-brush, as I see 'em with my hown heycs, or wouldn't 'ave believed there was such wickedness in the world, when in come Miss MacBean in a 'at and blue spectacles, with a red feather, and says, "I've come to claim your promise to pectect me, Mrs. Brown."

I says, "I'm sure you're quite pectection enough to yourself," as were as hugly as a halligator, and enough to frighten Judy Caesar 'erself.

Jest arter 'er in comes Mrs. Maltby, a-sayin' as the others 'ad sent 'er for to beg me to come to them baths, as was that interestiu'; but I says, "No, I thank you, for them ruins is that confusin', and when you've seen one you've seen all." So I did not care about goin', and said as I'd agreed as I'd go for a walk along with that Miss MacBean, and off we soon started.

I never see such a rampagin' way as she walked, with two bags on 'er harm, a-steppin' out like a butcher's 'oss.

So when we'd got ever so far and up steps, as

were a 'igh 'ill, I says, "You'll escuse me, but I must rest."

"Yes," she says, "so you shall, and we'll 'ave a little talk." She says, "I think I can give you a deal of 'elp."

I says, "No, I thank you, I can get ou alone."

"Oh," but she says, "Let me 'elp you with somethink sperretual."

I says, "Not for the world at this time of day, and in such 'eat as this, as am thankful to say do not feel no thirst."

"Oh," but she says, "you did ought to consider, Mrs. Brown, what 'eathens is all round you."

"Well," I says, "that's their bissiness ; not as I think it's true, for a good many went to church a Sunday."

"Ah," she says, "forms—all forms."

I says, "I wish to goodness there was more forms in St. Peter's, for I do like a-goïn' there."

"What," she says, "lean on a arm of flesh?"

"Well," I says, "that what's I can't do, for Brown wouldn't give me one; not as I considers it decent for parties to walk about the churches arm in arm."

"Oh," she says, "Mrs. Brown beware, for we all knows as Popery is that inticin'."

I says, "Any'ow it don't seem to 'tice you."

She says, "I should think not, indeed. Why my pa were in the ministry, and 'ave wrote books as would 'ave convinced the Pope, only he's far too blind to read 'em."

"Well," I says, "poor old gentleman, if he's blind he can't 'elp it; but," I says, "as you seems to be so cocksure as you're right and he's wrong, why can't you let 'im alone?"

She says, "Mrs. Brown, I feels a concern for you, as I looks on as bein' drawed away to unbelief."

I says, "Never mind what I believes or what I don't."

She says to me, "Do you believe as the Pope's inflammable?"

"Well," I says, "never 'avin' seen 'im in illness can't say, though I should say most likely if a injury, partikler a wound."

She says, "Ah!" she says, "you're right, as a illness would soon show 'im as he were flesh and blood like the rest on us."

I says, "He don't set up to be no more, does he?"

She says, "Don't he, tho', as wants us all to believe in 'is personal inflammability."

"Well," I says, "at 'is time of life he did ought to know his own constitution best."

"Yes," she says, "but he's got no constitution, and wouldn't let no one else 'ave one if he'd 'is way."

"Well," I says, "I can't believe as a man at 'is hage with a voice like that ain't got no constitution, and as to 'is begrudgin' any one else theirs, I don't believe it."

She says, "I ain't no patience with 'im a-pretendin' as he can do everythink, as I shan't believe."

"Well, then," I says, "don't; nobody wants you to."

"Oh," she says, "I can't a-bear to see all these people so darkened."

"Well," I says, "in course forriners often is, tho' I 'ave knowed 'em run to light, partikler Germans."

"Ah," she says, "they're been enlightened; so 'as some Italians."

I says, "Oh, indeed," a-thinkin' as she meant that way as they've got now of turnin' their dark 'air a yaller colour; but I says, "I don't 'old with it."

She says, "You don't mean as you won't labour with me?"

"No," I says, "I've come out for pleasre, and don't care for no labour; so please jest to take this 'ere bag of yourn."

"Oh," she says, "it contains precious treasure; but jest 'old it a little longer, till I get this knot undone," for she'd got a paper parcel tied up under 'er arm, as I'd see 'er take papers out on and drop 'em along the road as we was walkin'; and sometimes she'd give one to any one as she met, as only stared.

So she jumps up, and kep' on a-walkin' and a-talkin' not as I didn't pay no attention to; and soon set down ag'in arter a bit by the road-side, and puts down that bag of 'er'n.

She says, "Oh, pray, come on."

I says, "I ain't in no 'urry;" and I says, "if you're goin' on you'd better take your bag," and 'eld it out to 'er by the string.

She come 'urryin' back for it, and goes to ketch it out of my 'and sharp, when the string broke, and down it went, and a lot of papers fell out of it, and went a-flyin' all over the place; some blowed one way and some another.

Well, I was a-goin' to pick 'em up; but she says, "Let 'em be, and come on."

I wasn't a bit sorry they was gone, so follered 'er on to a place where we got a carriage, as I got into, and took us back to the 'otel.

Thro' bein' that tired, I was glad to get to bed early that night, and was a-droppin' off when I 'eard a loud knockin' at the door of the 'ouse,

So I says, "There ain't no occasion for Brown to make all that noise, for I'm sure as the good woman where we was a-lodgin' wasn't one to keep you at the door."

Then I 'eard such a clatter of parties a-runnin' up the stairs, and a-knockin' at my room door, and some one a-talkin' werry gruff.

So I says, "Is it thieves or fire?" and up I gets and puts on my flannin gownd, and asks what's the matter?

The landlord of the 'otel were there as spoke Hinglish, and tells me as it were the perlice as wanted me.

It give me a awful turn to think of Brown bein' pre'aps in prison, and me sent for.

So I puts on my gownd and a shawl over my 'ead, and opens the door, and if there wasn't the perlice with some of them papers in their 'and as that ere raw-boned Miss MacBean 'ad been and dropped about the place.

I told the landlord as I didn't know nothink about it, and 'ow it 'ad 'appened.

"Oh!" he says, "you'll be sent away; the Pope won't let you stop."

I says, "I'm suro the Pope's too much the gentleman for to be'ave like that to a lady, as ain't done nothing to 'im; and as to them papers you must ask that red-faced horse-godmother of a thing

about 'em, for I don't know even what they're about."

Well, jest then up come Brown, and 'im and the landlord esplained to the perlice as they'd be answerable for me, a-seein' as I 'adn't nothink to do with it, so they went off.

Brown, he went on like tigers broke loose at me when we was alone, but I says, "Whatever 'arm 'ave the papers done?"

"Why," he says, "they're tracks for to prove as the Pope is a Anticrust."

I says, "Whatever is that when it's at 'ome?"

"Why," says Brown, "any one as ain't a Christshun."

"Well, then," I says, "whatever does the Pope care about that when he knows as he is."

"Well," says Brown, "you're sure to 'ear more about it in the mornin'."

I says, "All right, my consence is clear; as I never called the Pope no names, as in course no lady wouldn't, and as to that Miss MacBean, she's a long-legged jackanapes, and so I'll tell 'er;" but, law, Brown was all snores in a instant, so I didn't say no more on the subjec' jest then.

The next mornin' there was a nice 'owdy-do, for they'd been and sent that Miss MacBean off about 'er bissiness, as were a reg'lar conspiracy, and some thought a man in a woman's dress, with 'er

mother in it too, and as to the maid, she were a sweet'art of that ere Grabidaldi, a old waggerbone ; so they ketched the lot and sent 'em all packin' about their bissiness, and serve 'em right too, for whatever can forriners 'ave to do with them things; as I says, " If forriners can't agree among theirselves let 'em fight it out among theirselves, and not 'ave no Hinglish a-interferin', as 'ad better mind their own bissiness, and certingly," I says to Brown, " tracks 'ave done sich a deal of good among the roughs of London, a-makin' them so 'onest and sober, that no wonder they wants them poor forriners to be made like 'em."

When the row was a bit over, I says to Brown, " 'Owever could the Pope get it into 'is 'ead as I wanted for to conwert 'im ?"

" Why," says Brown, " you and that Miss Mac-Bean was seen a-throwin' tracks about, and I've 'ad nice work for to convince the parties as you knowed nothink about it, and but for a friend as I've got at the railway you'd 'ave been sent packin' So look out, for the Pope's eye is on you."

" Well," I says, " I wish I could see the Pope, for I'd soon tell 'im as I don't 'old with tracks, as I considers myself 'ave done a deal of 'arm, for there was little Willie Gullick as died at nine with a white swellin', jest like a good boy in a track, and if all 'is brothers didn't turn out reg'lar bad uns

thro' bein' afraid as they'd die young, as they always do in tracks if pious inclined."

Brown he says to me, "The best thing as you can do is to keep your 'ead shet, for," he says, "you do make them wonderful confusions."

I didn't say nothink, but made up my mind as if ever I see the Pope as I'd tell 'im on it, for I'd 'eard say as he were that affable as any one might speak to 'im.

Not as I wanted a reg'lar ordinance, as is of course all werry well for them great guns, as the sayin' is, and as to kissin' 'is toe, I might, willin' thro' not a-refusin' to stoop to such a action, but never should get up ag'iu with a 'ole lace or 'ook-and-eye about me, as would be awkward, and 'im not a family man, for to understand them things.

But as we was a-goin' to stop in Rome a bit there wasn't in course no 'urry for me to see the Pope, and glad I were to stop, for tho' I do like a-travellin' with friends, yet I can't be 'urried and scurried about all over the place, so me and Brown 'ad our tickets to ourselves and went on our own 'ook, as the sayin' is.

So when we was left alone, me and Brown went about werry often into the country a little way, as would 'ave been more pleasanter if the roads 'adu't been that dreadful dusty as to smother you.

There's a wonderful sight of churches in Rome as is well worth seein', thro' bein' that old hancient, but there's one as is out a little way in the country as is wonderful, as were burnt down, and 'ave been built up ag'in; it's along the dustiest road as ever I travelled, as we went to see thro' bein' called St. Paul's, as I says to Brown, "I should like to see that thro' a-remindin' me of London," not as that church were a bit like our St. Paul's, thro' bein' all lovely marble, and not a speck of dirt about it, and hawful grand.

I says, "I wonders as they don't keep our St. Paul's more decent, for," I says, "jest look at this church as stands pretty near alone, and a many would say as it were waste for to 'ave built it out 'ere where there ain't no parish, and there's St. Paul's in the middle of London as is that dirty and neglected as is a downright disgrace."

"Law," says Brown, "whatever is the use of spendin' money over that old dust 'ole as ain't wanted."

I says, "Brown, that's as parties thinks, for I 'ave 'eard say as it is well worth seein' of a Sunday night with all the people under the doom, as is lighted up with gas and a fine orgin."

"Yes," says Brown, "and empty too when there ain't a populous preacher for to tickle their ears, with somethink different from every one."

"Well," I says, "and the best way for to please everybody in course, as is wot parties likes to 'ear," for there was old Copperwell, the shipowner, somewheres down the East End, that serous as built a chapel, and give the minister a 'ouse and a thousand a-year, and 'ave been 'eard to say that tho' he lived to be a old man and 'ad a many ministers in that chapel, never 'ad one as didn't preach jest esactly wot he 'eld with.

"Well," says Brown, a-lcokiu' round, "this is a church somethink like as gives you a-feelin' of respect, but as to our St. Paul's, why it ain't worth the trouble of lookin' at, let alone payin' money to see it."

So I says, "Whatever they keeps it up for I can't think, when they wants churches and ministers so bad at the East End, as I've 'eard say."

"Ah," says Brown, "you're a green'orn, you are. I should like to ketch them swells goin' to live at the East End, and if they did I should like to ketch them roughs a-goin' to set quiet and listen to 'em. Why, they don't believe in nothink but the perlice out there."

"Well, then," I says, "it's a werry hawful thing for to think on with swarms of children a-growin' up to wickedness and wice, for I'm sure them Whitechapel boys is a downright terror to me when I walks along it, as I always expects will

come down some day pretty 'ot on the West End."

"Ah," says Brown, "there's somethink rotten somewheres, and wants alterin'."

"Well," I says, "there's the bishops; why don't they do it?"

"Yes," says Brown, "but they only wants a million or two of money more to make us all good, arter the millions upon millions as they've been a-spendin' to no purpose all these years."

"Well," I says, "as to that, there's lots of bad people in Rome, tho' it is so full of churches."

"Yes," says Brown, "that's right, but the Pope don't 'oller out as the people is all a-goin' to the bad, 'cos he ain't got money enuf to pay ministers to teach 'em wot's right; there's plenty of teachin' if parties only wanted to learn, only they don't, and wot's more they won't, thro' bein' bad inclined."

"Well," I says, "I'm sure I've 'eard say as there's bishops as 'ave took the trouble to 'ave a early dinner a Sunday, and a cold chicken with their tea, and walked quite 'umble with a upon on, in a shovel 'at and gaiters all the way into the city for to preach of a Sunday evenin' and persuade parties to be good."

"Ah," says Brown, "if they could make it as well worth the roughs' while to be good, as it is

theirn, they'd all turn as serous as bishops pretty quick."

"Well," I says, "they certingly do get a many thousands a-year, I've 'eard say, as is more than one as I've 'eard on, ever dreamt on, thro' keepin' a small day-school up a back street somewhere Clerkenwell way, and wouldn't never 'ave been a bishop but thro' 'avin' a pretty wife as coaxed a hold bishop as wero past work for to take 'im into pardnership, and do all the work as were called a-sufferin' bishop, and not my lord, tho' entitled to a apon and lawn sleeves, with a large family and a lot of daughters, as will come in werry 'andy no doubt for them young curates, as in course can't get on without wives, and 'as to get their livin's, as is wot bishops always 'as to give away with a daughter throw'd in, as is only fair, and a-takin' the ruff with the smooth, as the sayin' is."

There was some young gents as lived in the 'ouse with us as was painters, leastways a-learnin' the business, as a many on 'em comes to Rome for to do, thro' the colours a-runnin' cheap, and lots of picters to copy, as they sells to the Merrykins, as likes 'em better than the old uns.

Well, them young men asks me for to go along with them a little way out, and see a willer as they was a-goin' to paint, as I were quite agreeable to.

But when we got there and I see it were a tumble-down, ramshackle place, I says, "You'll 'ave your work cut out," I says, "young men, to paint this place, and never can do it with them dabs of colours as you've squeezed out on to that bit of board."

"Oh," they says, "we're only a-goin' to sketch to-day."

"Ah," I says, "and 'll come for to finish it when the weather's more settled."

They was all a-settin' to work when one on 'em says, "The Pope's a-comin' 'ere to-day."

"What!" I says, "he ain't never a painter, surely?"

"No," they says, "but it's 'is favourite walk."

Well, I waited and waited, a-wanderin' about and lookin' at them painters, as I'm sure can't do much of a day's work with them nigglin' little brushes, when who should come by but the Pope 'isself, in 'is shovel 'at and a cloak over 'is flannin dressin'-gown, as he wears constant, for comfort, and in course don't want the trouble of changin' jest to come out for a drive.

I was glad for to see 'im make 'isself that comfortable and easy at 'is time of life, but do 'opo as he wears warm underclothin', for the flannin looked thin thro' bein' washed that often, and if he should turn out to be that inflammable as some

parties says as he fancies 'isself to be, as sudden chills is bad for.

When he come near us he smiled werry pleasant, and made figur's with 'is 'and, as they said was a-givin' us 'is blessin', but in my opinion was masonic, as of course he's one, and no doubt a Grand Master at the werry least.

I made 'im a werry low obedience, as were in course my dooty in passin', and jest at that werry moment down there come a shower as would 'ave drenched 'im to the skin if I 'adn't 'ad the presence of mind for to up with my umbreller and run and 'old it over 'im, and would 'ave lent it 'im with pleasure to 'ave took 'ome, thro' well a-knowin' as he'd 'ave sent it back, and not like parties as I could name, as 'ave borrered umbrellers on me, and then forgot where I lived, as in course is what no Pope wouldn't stoop to.

But them footmen they was up with umbrellers too in no time, not as the shower lasted, and so the Pope he smiles ag'in and on he goes.

I thought as them young painters would 'ave bust with larfin' when he was gone, and made a drorin' of me a-'oldin' the umbreller over the Pope, as wasn't a bit like me, but the himage of 'im.

I wish as I'd 'ad the presence of mind for to 'ave just mentioned about them tracks to 'im, but

thinks to myself as pre'aps I'd better go and give 'im a call on the quiet, and 'ave it out, for I can't a-bear 'avin' no differences with nobody, not even the Pope, as in course 'ave 'is feelin's like other parties, and did not ought to 'ave 'em 'urt, partikler over 'is religion.

So 'avin' seen 'im once I didn't feel like a stranger. I makes up my mind as I'd jest drop in one day and tell 'im all about 'ow it come to 'appen.

So two days arter seein' of 'im in the willer I takes one of them carridges, and off I goes to the Wattykan, as they calls it, and I walks up them steps till I gets up to where there was one of them flamin' party coloured sojers a-standin' dressed in them broad yaller stripes.

I couldn't make nothink of 'im nor 'im of me, a-askin' if the Pope were at 'ome. So I goes up more stairs till I comes to a door, and see a bell 'andle, as I give a pull at, and out comes a party.

So I says, "Is the Sandy Padry at 'ome," a-knowin' as that were 'is title.

The idjot didn't understand, and were a-goin' to shet the door, only I puts my umbreller in, and kep' on a-sayin', "Sandy Padry."

So at last in he goes, and arter a bit out comes a gentleman as were aperiently a priest, in purple,

as begs me to walk in, and says to me, a-bowin', "A fine day," in that Hinglish as made me stare.

I says, "Lovely weather, Sir, now as it 'ave took up, and 'opes it will last, for things is werry back'ard, tho' pre'aps better than too for'ard," and then he cut off with a frost in May, the same as Dr. Baldwin's nectarines was last spring.

"Indeed," say the gentleman, a-smilin'.

"Yes," I says, "Sir, and I do not consider as the peas 'ad their proper flavour, as requires warm showers, specially marrer fats."

Says the gentleman, "Are you long from Hingland?"

"Well," I says, "jest over a fortnight, and shall be glad to see London Bridge Station ag'in."

Says the gentleman, "You don't like Rome, then?"

"Oh!" I says, "I do, but should like it the better if I could jest tell the Pope a bit of my mind."

"Why, what has he done to you?" says the gentleman.

"Why, 'urt my feelin's," I says, "and that's what I've come about, as can't rest till it's set straight, so jest say as I should like to 'ave a few words with 'im, and if ill-conwenient I could call ag'in."

He says, "I'm afeard as the 'Oly Father can't see you at present;" but he says "what is the grievance?"

"Why," I says, "a reg'lar downright houtrage for 'im to say sich things behind my back, as I considers as he've reg'lar been and took away my character."

"'Ow?" says he.

"Why," says I, "that's wot I wants to esplain; a-sayin' as I were a-givin' tracks for to try and conwert 'im." I says, "And you can tell 'im from me, as I never did it, and never wished to, and considers as them as does it 'ad better look at 'ome and conwert theirselves, and that's my opinion; and if I was the Pope I should jest turn up my nose at sich and not notice 'em; 'cos that's jest what they wants, and all as I've got to say is, as the Pope's religion can't be much of a one if such foolishness can upset it, and so I wish you a werry good day, if he won't see me he won't, so my 'umble duty to 'im as am, Martha Brown is my name, and Hingland is my nation, as I've got it all wrote down at 'ome with steal not this book for fear of shame, for here you see the owner's name." Leastways, as did used to be wrote in round text in my Mavor's spellin', only that mischievous young limb Alfred, took and tore it out when a-spendin' the day that time as 'is sister Sally were born, with 'is mother's life in danger.

Says the gentleman, "I'll not fail to inquire into it."

I says, "That you can do as you likes about, but I know it's true; and as to sendin' me away, I can go of my own accord, as don't 'old with no one a-takin' no liberties;" and so I made 'im a bend like, and off I walks, as no doubt will come to the Pope's ears, and make 'im know 'is friends from 'is henemies; not as I eluded to the umbreller two days afore in that willer, for I'm not one of them as does a favour and then tells you on it, as I considers mean, jest like Mrs. Warne, as once lent me a black silk for to foller Brown's step-father's sister, and I weren't a-goin' to put on black for beyond the day, and never stopped a-twittin' me with the gethers 'avin' been tore out thro' bein' shet in the door of the mournin'-coach, as weren't no fault of mine; and not over two hitches, or I must 'ave noticed it, and would of course 'ave put a stitch in afore returnin' of it, as I did the next mornin'; not as she wanted it, for I'm sure she 'ad that gownd in pawn best part of the year, and quite short 'cos I wouldn't buy the ticket of 'er; but I've 'ad enough of that, for I'm sure the swindle as it were that Mrs. Reeves a-sellin' me one for five shillin's, as she said were pillar-cases worth three pound and only in for seven shillin's, as wasn't nothink but a bundle of rags when I got

it out, as the pawnbroker must 'ave been mad to 'ave lent a shillin' on, but will do it sometimes to oblige a old customer, as there was old Mrs. Pedley as could always get a pound on 'er shawl as were downright rubbish, tho' a Ingin-turned pattern, but come from Glasgow, as is lovely shawls no doubt, but don't run to the money the same as them ingins, as is worth their weight in gold.

Of all the places for to knock any one up it's Rome, and 'ow people can go on a-tearin' and a-starin' at all them churches and monyments I can't think, for they're enuf to drive you wild; and as to their names, they're that curous as you can't make 'em out; but, in course, when you're in Rome do as the Romans does, as the sayin' is, and so I went all over the place with the rest of the Hinglish.

Some of the names sounds werry pretty, tho' their meanin's is all double Dutch, as the sayin' is, and I never could make out which was Pope's and which wasn't, and felt quite glad when we was a-goin' on to Naples, as is where the soap comes from, and that's 'ow it is as the people all looks so dirty I suppose, 'cos, in course, they can't get no soap for to usc themselves, thro' it's all bein' sent away jest the same as the fish at Brighton, as all goes to London, and you can't get a bit for love or money.

CHAPTER IV.

NAPLES.

I've 'eard say as the road to Naples did used to be werry dangerous thro' briggins, but in my opinion it's more people's fancies than anythink else thro' them forriners a-lookin' that dark at you, but is perfectly 'armless, and many on 'em blind as begs for a bit of bread, the same as a party I well remembers as did used to sit close ag'in Mile End Gate afore it were done away, as they calls the blind beggar of Bethnal Green, as turned out to be a nobleman as 'ad been changed at nuss; not as the beggar as I remembers 'ad ever been changed I should say, for he was a drunken old reprobate as 'is blindness weren't no escuse for 'is bad conduct, as wasn't 'ardly ever out of prison for beatin' 'is wife, and that artful as made a-many think as he weren't blind at all, but could feel 'is way into every public-'ouse.

Certingly it were a werry lovely journey a-goin'

to Naples, all thro' beautiful fields as was green and fresh, with parties 'ard at work in 'em, tho' they do say as they're werry un'olesome thro' hagew, jest like them Essex Mashers, as is fine for cattle, as in course don't take the hagew, but 'as their own disorders, as is the staggers in calves; but 'ave 'eard say as cows is delicate, and certingly 'aven't been able to sleep with the winder open in the country for the sheep a-coughin', as shows they didn't ought to be left out all night.

It give me a awful turn when we got near Naples, for to see that Vesuvius a-smokin' all over the city ready to swaller it up, just like them matches, as will go off in a minit like Lucyfers, as is brimstone and fire, as that mounting is full on, and may go off any day, the same as it 'ave done, when least expected; and always will 'ave them myself as lights on the box, not as they're altogether safe neither, but will go off, box and all, the same as 'appened to poor Mrs. Mayberry, in Mile End Old Town, as put the box in 'er pocket, and then went and set down without a-thinkin', and were burnt within a hinch of 'er life, and only saved thro' 'er pocket bein' a stout jane and a moreen petticoat, as don't blaze, tho' kep' on a-moulderin' till it reached the flesh.

Naples is no doubt a lovely place, but why ever the railway don't go all the way there I can't think,

and not put you down such a way off, for I'm sure we was dragged for miles from the station, as were a reg'lar bear-garding for confusion, and it's a wonder as anyone ever gets their luggage.

In course everyone for 'isself, as the sayin' is, is the way of the world, and knowin' as everybody is selfish, I can't say nothink ag'in parties lookin' out for theirselves, but must say as it looked mean in that old Muffit for to ask Brown to look arter 'is luggage at the station, and then 'urry off to the 'otel to get the best bed-room ; but, law, arter all, everyone for 'isself is the way of the world, not as he got much by it, for they give 'im one near the ground-floor, close ag'in a stable as the smell on pretty nigh stifled 'im in the night, and gnats or somethink bunged up 'is left eye with their stings.

I liked Naples werry much thro' bein' the sea-side, jest like Brighton, not as Brighton 'ave got a garding along the sea-shore, nor yet a burnin' mounting at the back, like Naples.

We went all about the place, as is that noisy, thro' everybody a-livin' in the streets, a-cookin' their wittles in the hopen hair, they do say as there's a deal of distress, and parties told me as it were werry different when they 'ad a king and queen, but now the pallis is shet up, jest for all the world like Queen Wictoria's in London, tho' they

did 'ave a Prince Ubug a-livin' there, but in course he wasn't like a king, jest for all the world like the Prince of Wales a-actin' for 'is royal ma, not as she would be seen in a 'Ansom cab, as isn't a proper convenience for a royal family, partikler of a Sunday arternoon.

All round Naples is werry lovely rides, tho' constant curoisities, and every where as you goes there's some hold, hancient place as 'ave been destroyed, as comes from 'avin' mountings close ag'in Naples, as seems to me 'ighly dangerous, for it's built on brimstone and fire, as ain't a pleasant thing to be over, and comes a-gushin' out at one or two places as I see, as some parties goes and bathes in, thro' bein' a fine thing for the skin, not as I should care to be rolled in it myself, for if it did cure my skin, I'm sure it would soon take away my breath, for I was werry nigh choked at one place, thro' a-stoopin' down jest for to smell it.

As to keepin' that poor dog there for to stifle 'im over and over ag'in, I wouldn't 'ave it done, for it's quite enough to see 'ow it will put a candle out, to show as nobody couldn't breathe it, let alone a dog, as is always a sign of foul hair even in a coal-pit, as ain't sulphur neither.

It's werry lovely a-seein' of the sea that bright blue, as must make tho things a werry nice colour if they rinses 'em thro' it, not as they knows

'ow to wash any more than them Romans, for I'm sure they pounded Brown's shirt fronts to powder, and beat every button 'ole out.

I can't say as I cared about a-goin' for to see a blue grotter jest oppersite Naples, as you goes to in a steamer, as would be all werry well if you could get the steamer in, but you can't; and as to be put in a boat, like arf a walnut shell, as wobbled about frightful, and that ere Old Muffit, he were in the boat along with us, and wanted to show off 'ow bold he were and would stand up, as made the men as were a-rowin' 'oller at 'im, and werry nigh upset us, so I jest give 'im a pull at 'is coat tail, as pretty soon brought 'im down, tho' not a-meanin' to be that wiolent as to rip it arf off.

Oh, he were in a nice rage, and calls me a-interferin' old fool.

So I says, " Well, I may be, but I ain't a-goin' to be drowneded like a dog to please you."

Well, jest then we got to that grotter, and they tells me to duck my 'ead, and so I did, but not low enuf, for it crushed in the crown of my bonnet frightful, and smashed Muffit's 'at in; leastways, tore it right off along with a little patch of a wig, as he wore for to 'ide a bald place he'd got the top of 'is 'ead.

In course he said it were my fault, a-declarin' as I'd took and butted at 'im in the chest, and so he

couldn't get 'is 'ead no lower, 'cos of me bein' in the way.

Of all the lovely grotters as ever I see, it's that one, with the water that blue colour as reminds you of clear-starchin', but I must say as I were glad to get out on it ag'in, for the boat were that small as give me the cramps, besides bein' werry wobbly.

Next we landed on that highland, as they may well call it, for never in my life did I see sich a place for steps, as is only fit for birds to live in, I should say ; and as for gettin' on a donkey, I says, "No, I thank you," for I sec with arf a eye as them gals as drove 'em was that bold and full of their larks, as is what you must espect from donkey ridin' all the world over, for you ain't safe not even on 'Amstid 'Eath, where I well remembers poor Mrs. Allchin bein' persuaded to 'ave a ride, and if them mischievous boys didn't take and drive tho animile into a pond, where he would lay down and roll with 'er on 'is back.

Cortingly them donkey gals on that ere highland 'ave lovely heyes, as they makes good use on, for two on 'em 'ave been and ketched young Hinglish gents for 'usban's, tho' one did drink 'isself to death within the year, and the other 'ave been and turned Turkey, or something wild like that ; as is what comes of doin' sich a outlandish thing.

Wo 'adn't 'ardly got up to the top of the place

and 'ad some lunch, when we was obligated to go back to the steamer.

Muffit, he were a-goin' ou all about a Roman Humpire as 'ad a willer up there.

"Well, then," I says, "'is breath and 'is legs was better than mine, for a willer on Brixton 'Ill is quite 'igh enuf for me, where the bus puts you down at the door; but as to livin' 'ere, I'd as soon think of settlin' on the church steeple."

I were that dead beat when we got aboard the steamer as I couldn't 'ardly 'old up my 'ead, so didn't land at the next place, and it's jest as well as I didn't, for some of them as did got left behind and 'ad to come by land, as would 'ave suited me best, for I felt uncommon queer thro' that steamer a-bobbin' about a good deal, and Mrs. Maltby were a reg'lar whale.

Brown kep' a-goin' on about that Wesuvius as is always on the smoke, as he said 'ad laid cities in hashes all about the place, and he should like to go up to the top on.

"What," I says, "and be smothered in that smoke and sulphur. Well," I says, "there is no tellin' what is a-goin' to 'appen in this world, but certingly I never did expect to be a widder thro' a wolcauer; but I asks only one thing, as you'll settle heverythiuk afore you goes, not as I cares about myself, only thro' 'avin' been always that

proud on you as a man of your word. I shouldn't like you to come to a untimely hend with a blot on your character, as I considers leavin' a bill unpaid to be."

"Law," says Brown, "why it's nothink, and what thousands is a-doin' every day."

"Yes," I says, "and a-goin' to their certing distractions, for never will I believe as brimstone and fire is a lawful thing for to tamper with; but," I says, "don't say as I didn't warn you, as is a wife's duty I considers, and can set 'ere in the cool a-lookin' out of my winder, as is a beautiful view all over the sea, for I've got repairs as I must do thro' them washerwomen's 'andyworks, as 'ave been and beat my night-cap borders to ribbius, let alone the 'avoc as they've made of all my fine things, as is only fit for the rag-bag."

So Brown he only says, "'Then you'll be 'appy if up to your eyes in rags, and you'll see me 'ome afore night."

I says, "I 'opes so, for I couldn't bear the thought of you a-passin' the night on a burnin' mounting."

I must say as I were of a fidget all that day, and never knowed no rest till Brown got back, as said, "It's jest as well as you didn't go, old gai, for I never should 'ave got you up nor down neither, for there was a-many as stuck when they'd

got as far as the 'orses could carry 'em, and it was werry chokey work a-gettin' up near the crater ; and you wouldn't 'ave liked the comin' down, as is ankle-deep in hashes."

I says, "I don't want to hear nothink about it, Brown, as is a place as I shouldn't never dream of going near. Mountings is all werry well, but," I says, "level ground is quite good enough for me, partikler when mountings takes to burstin' out and burnin', and is all brimstone and fire, as is only good for liars, as the sayin' is."

They did all go on at me so for not a-goin' up that 'ere Wesuverus, a-sayin' it were such a wonderful sight, that I says to Mrs. Maltby as if there were another party made up I'd go.

"Well done," says she, "and I were jest a-goin' to ask you to come, for I'm a-goin' to take Maltby to-morrer ; so we'll start early, as is a easy ride."

I didn't say nothink to Brown about it, a-thinkin' to give 'im a surprise, as were a-goin' off early 'isself for to see some mannyfactories as were a-makin' iron out of the sea-sand, as were found out thro' a Hinglish party a-bathin' as were a ingineer, and come up as black as a coal ; and 'avin' been used to the iron-smeltin' way, said as it were the same thing, and offered to prove 'is words, as he did accordin' with a anvil and 'ammer, as got up a

reg'lar forgery in no time, and swindled a lot of folks, for tho' iron, proved dearer than gold in the hend.

Next mornin' we started for Wesuverus in pretty good time for fear of the 'eat, and 'ad a werry dusty ride to a place where there was 'orses and ponies a-waitin' to take parties up that mounting.

So I says to Mrs. Maltby, "That's a dear, let 'em pick me out a good-sized one," for some of them ponies was that small as I should 'ave covered all over from stem to steru, as the sayin' is.

The poor thing as I did get 'adn't much strength left and werry old, as I were glad on, thro' feelin' sure as he'd know 'is way about, and not go a-runnin' into no dangers, the same as the helefants as I've 'eard speak on in Ingy, as is that leary they'll jest stop on the hedge of a pressy-pitch, and take and shy any ono as is on their backs slap over their 'eads to save their lives, a-feelin' the ground a-givin' way under their feet, thro' not bein' up to their weights.

'Owever I got on that pony I dou't know, and never should but for two Hinglish young gents as we met that perlite, for as to them Hightalian idjots they got 'old on me hunder the harms, and hiked me up into the saddle that wiolent that I went over the other side back'ards, and must 'ave been killed only I fell soft all among a lot of pig-skius,

as I took for dead pigs, but was only their bodies blowed up full of wine for casks, as is no doubt what makes the wine taste so beastly as it does in some parts.

I must say I didn't take to that 'ere 'orse hexercise kindly, and don't believe as it can be that fine for the 'ealth, for whenever that 'ere pony went out of a walk, I 'ad to scream thro' not bein' able to bear the shakin'.

I come clean off twice—once thro' a-over-reachin' myself to get at my reddicule, as made the saddle turn round with me right under the pony; and another time thro' 'im a-stoppin' that short as I weren't prepared for, so come off with a jerk, as didn't matter, for we was come to as far as them 'orses could go.

So I says, "Do you mean for to say as I've got to walk all up there?"

"Yes," says Mrs. Maltby, "it's quite easy."

I says, "Not for me; I'll stop 'ere."

Says one of them young gents as 'ad 'elped me into the saddle, "Don't give it up."

I says, "My dear young gentleman, I couldn't walk up there not if you was to crown me on the spot."

"Oh," says the other young gent, "here's a chair they keeps for the purpose of carryin' people."

"What," I says, "a Bath-chair?"

"Yes," he says, "and two strong fellows who could carry a 'ouse."

"Well," I says, "I ain't quite a 'ouse; but," I says, "do you consider as I did ought to trust myself to them as don't look warranted free from wice, for," I says, "I've been up pirrymids, as were werry rough work."

"Oh," they says, "it's wot's done every day, and quite safo."

Well, I thought as it would look so foolish to go back and say as I 'adn't seen it, so I agreed for to 'ave the chair, as were a rough-lookin' thing, no better than wot boys uses for to carry Guy Fox on bonfire-day, as the bottom were a-comin' out of.

I can't say as I felt easy in my mind, nor yet my body neither, as I kep' a-goin' up and up in that chair, as were werry rickety, and the way as them fellers set off you'd 'ave thought I were a feather, not as they kep' it up long; but of all the jerks as ever any one 'ad it was wot they kep' on givin' me, and there was Mrs. Maltby a-'ollerin' to me as we got 'igher and 'igher, "Ain't it lovely," as I couldn't see nothink a-'oldin' on that tight to that chair as took off all my intentions from evorythink else.

We kep' on tho' till all of a sudden there come

sich a blast like of brimstone as pretty nigh strangled me, and we was all in a mist like.

I 'ollers, "Take me down, for I'm a-stiflin'." One of them young gents says, "It's only the wind changed, it'll blow off in a minit;" but, law bless you! I was that suffleated as I couldn't draw my breath.

I give a wiolent struggle for to get up, but back I went with that force, as out went the bottom of that chair, and I slipped down ever so far with my knees ag'in my chin, reg'lar shet up like a foot rule.

I couldn't make them fellers stop as was a 'urrying-in' on to get out of that smoke, and carried me ever so far wedged like into that chair, and never did I feel such 'eat as kep' a-gettin' 'otter and 'otter.

I says to myself, "In course it's that mounting gone off, and get out of this chair I will," so I gives a wiolent spring like, for I couldn't get them fellers to stop, and crash I went down, chair, men and all.

I felt as it were all over, and expected as I should roll all the way down to the bottom, but what I fell in was hashes, and as I couldn't get out of the chair I didn't roll far.

When they see me stuck fast in that chair them Hightalian fools larfed like mad, and Mrs.

Maltby she'd turned a-corner and didn't see wot 'ad 'appened, but them young gents was werry perlite, and come and estriated me with all their force, tho' they couldn't 'elp larfin' they said at them fellers' ways, as set to work a-mendin' their chair.

But I weren't to be persuaded for to get into it no more, nor yet to go no 'igher, for the wind 'ad changed as not only smothered us in stifly smoke, but it began to rain.

I'd a nice tramp down that mounting, for walk I would, a-feelin' as I could trust my legs as was part hashes and the rest rocks, and a nice pickle I were in when I got to the earridge as took us back in the pourin' rain, as I considers served me right for a-deecivin' Brown in goin' unbeknown arter sayin' I wouldn't, and I 'ad to pay a sight money for that chair as was a deal more than the pony.

When Brown saw me he burst out a-larfin', and says, "Well, of all the jolly old sweeps as ever I sec. Why, you looks as if you'd been up Wesuverus for to sweep it."

I says, "It's a mussy as I ain't a-layin' on that mounting stiflin' in my gorges, as the sayin' is," for never did I 'ope to draw my breath ag'in; and I says, "never should but for them young gents as acted noble by me, for as to Mrs. Maltby she's a 'oller 'art as wears a mask, as the sayin' is," and never more will I trust myself to 'er, as in my

opinion wants to get rid of Maltby, for I'm sure it's no better than murder for to take any onc as is bad in their breath up that mounting, let alone bein' stifled with brimstone as if you was a-goin' into the internal regums, as the sayin' is, and your life shook out of your body, with constant fears, and as to a view, why that's a thing as you can see jest as well from a second floor winder as commands it, without a-tearin' and a-wearin' yourself to death, let alone your clothes, as I'm sure mine was that spilte as there wasn't a old clo man livin' as wouldn't 'ave turned up 'is nose at 'em, with the 'lastic tore out of my side-spring boots with the 'eels ground off as it's lucky I wore 'em, for if it 'ad been shoes never should I 'ave got thro' them cinders, as would 'ave tore my stockins to threads, let alone bein' that gratin' to a tender foot.

CHAPTER V.

POMPEII.

"WELL," says Brown, "I'm glad you've got back safe, you'll see what burnin' mountings 'ave done to-morrer, for we're a-goin' to see Pompey."

I says, "I 'opes that 'ave done a-burnin', for I do not 'old with a-walkin' over no burnin' ruins, thro' well a-rememberin', when a gal, bein' took to see a floor-cloth factory as 'ad been burnt down, as the flames kep' a-breakin' out three days arter it 'ad been put out, and reg'lar scorched my new boots off my feet, as the fireman was a-watchin'."

"Law," says Brown, "that Pompey were burnt down 'undred upon 'undreds of years ago."

"Well, then," I says, "it 'ave 'ad time to cool, as is a good thing, for," I says, "I'm sure nobody couldn't a-bear no fire such weather as this."

All the party was a-goin' as we'd met ag'in at Naples, and 'ad all been werry good friends together a-travellin', not but wot I kep' myself werry much to myself, thro' Brown a-bein' that down on me

always, a-sayin' as I should be sure to end in a row if I got to be too friendly with any one; not as it's true, for I'm sure I could live at peace with a live salamander, thro' bein' one to 'old my tongue; and as to that Mrs. Pollen a-sayin' as it was me as begun the quarrel, why it's false; and as to Miss Pilkinton, she come and begged my pardon the werry week arter, tho' I do not consider as she acted the lady in not returnin' that 'arf-crown as she borrored, nor yet the umbreller, thro' it a-settin' wet jest as she were a-goin'.

But the day as we went to Pompey we was a werry pleasant party in our carridge, and one gentleman as 'ad a book he kep' a-readin' me bits out on it, as was werry amusin', all about 'ow they was all smothered in hashes in a hinstant while a-settin' at diuner, as is proved thro' a-findin' the werry dishes on the tables, as they 'adn't 'ad time for to clear away.

I must say as I didn't much care about a place we fust got to, as they called Erkylaneum, as weren't nothink but like goin' down into a coal-'ole, as were that damp as I got my gownd reg'lar bedawded with sliminess off the walls and the grease from the candles, thro' it bein' all in the dark, let alone stoopin' enuf to break your neck a-creepin' along a passage, and nothink to see but a place as they said were a theayter, as weren't a bit like a place of amusement; and then another

place, as looked more like a deserted symmetry than a city as any one 'ad lived in.

I must say as that Pompey is downright wonderful to think of, it all bein' dug out of them hashes, with all the streets a-standin' that still as looks like death; but never in my life did I see sich pavin'-stones, as must 'ave shook their lives out as rode over them.

But of all the pokey 'oles to live in as some of them 'ouses, with bed-rooms no bigger than dust-'oles, it seems as tho' they'd lived in the hopen hair pretty much, as is in course the reason as so many on 'em was smothered, for, as I says to Brown, "Why, even my umbreller would be a pertection ag'in them hashes, as come down in a shower like blacks."

"Yes," he says, "you'd live a long time under your umbreller, you would, if there was to come a shower of red-'ot hashes from that mounting, as there might be this werry instant."

I says, "Brown, don't talk sich foolishness. You don't mean to say as it come that sudden?"

He says, "That's what I do mean to say, for I tell you they was all a-settin' enjoyin' theirselves at the theayter when that mounting bust up, and was a-lookin' at a wild-beast show, as we might be a-doin' now, when down it come."

"Yes," says that ere gent as 'ad come in the

carriage with me ; "don't you remember I was a-tellin' you ?"

"Yes, sir," I says, "so you was ; but only out of a book, as one don't always believe what's wrote in them, 'cos in course they puts in a lot jest to amuse parties ; as nobody can't tell us for they was all swallered up in hashes, and no one left to tell the tale, as must be a hawful painful death, for I'm sure a bit of dust in your heye is hagony enuf, and must be dreadful all down your throat partikler when red 'ot."

"Yes," says that gent, "and was kep' covered up for 'udred of years, thro' the hashes never bein' took away."

"Ah," I says, "the dustman's the dustman all the world over, as won't never come round reg'lar escept at Christmas time, for I'm `sure our dust-'ole 'ave been left overflowin' for days, as in course would in time swaller up the 'ouse and all, as wouldn't never 'ave 'appened 'ere if he'd done 'is duty ; leastways would 'ave been cleared away the sooner, and might 'ave saved somebody ; and why-ever they won't come round I can't think, for there's tuppence for 'em every time, and nothink throwed in but pure hashes ; for as to a lobster-shell, I'd as soon think of puttin' my grandfather there, as meaus blue-bottles by the thousands."

Says Brown, "Oh, do 'old your mag about

your dust-'ole, and look about you, and see these here hold hanteeks."

"Well," I says, "they didn't 'ave much furniter any 'ow, as is, pre'aps, as well, for there wasn't no room to put it in."

"Why," says Brown, "you see all the furniter in that museum at Naples as was bronze."

"Ah," I says, "all them pots and pans as they keeps there, and whyever they don't clean up a bit, as is masks of werdigrease, I can't think; as must 'ave been eerting death if cooked in, the same as the party with the stewed carp at the inn at Salt 'Ill, as were put away and kep' all night in a copper stew-pan, and not one on 'em ever see the light, as shet up the 'ouse, and died in the workus, as was dirty, nasty 'abits, tho' not intended. But," I says, "that's a good many year ago, afore Pompey were born or thought of; but," I says, "I can't make out now what they've been and done with heverythink, for the place is that hempty as you couldn't believe as any one ever lived in it."

"Why," says Brown, "you've seo it all, I tell you, in that museum."

"Well, then," I says, "in my opinion I thinks it would 'ave looked more nat'ral if they'd left a somethink 'ere, and not gone and put it all in a museum."

Tho' I must say as I never did see sich a place

as that there museum at Naples, as we was took over chuck full of old broken stones and all manner, as isn't nothink better I considers than dry rubbish, leastways, I can't make out what they keeps it all for, jest like the British Museum, as only 'arbours dirt.

Certingly it's werry curious to see some of them things as did used to belong to Pompey, with a real live tea-urn and lamps with weights and scales, as shows there ain't nothink new under the sun, but of all the werdigrease as ever I did see, it was them things of Pompey's, as must 'ave 'ad nice dirty servants to let things get like that, not as them High-talians minds coperass as don't pison them jest the same as they'll eat them rank toadstools for mushe-rooms, as is a nice thing briled or stewed, but certing death if they won't peel, with a silver spoon biled in 'em.

I ncvcr did see sich a little bit of a skimpin thing as that bed, as they did say did used to belong to Pompey, as wasn't much wider than a form, with a reg'lar ridge enuf to cut you in arf in turnin', not as any one could turn in them beds, and must 'ave slep' with their 'eads 'angin' over one hend, and their feet a-danglin' over the other, as ain't my notions of a good night's rest; but, law, them forrin savages didn't mind nothink, or they wouldn't 'ave lived in such a 'ole as this.

Says Brown, "Why, it were a lovely place, ful

of temples and paintin's, with statutes all over the place."

"Well," I says, "every one to their tastes, but give me the Bow Road."

Says Brown, "The sea did used to be up 'ere, and parties come down for to be cool."

"What," I says, "with a red 'ot burnin' mounting 'angin' over their 'eads. Ah," I say, "old Hingland for hever, with Margate and Ramsgate, as ain't got no burnin' mountings near 'em, tho' in course a coal-pit now and then will blow up, as shows as axcidents will in the best reg'lated families; and no doubt this 'ere mounting wouldn't never 'ave been set light to if they'd 'ave been careful with them Davy lamps, as I daresay were brought on by some one a-smokin'."

"Go it," says Brown. "Why baccy wasn't discovered."

I says, "Don't talk rubbish. Why baccy must 'ave grewed from the beginnin' of the world, only parties didn't take to smokin'."

Says Brown, "You'll settle it somo'ow."

Jest then we got to a place where they was a-diggin' out more of them ruins.

I says, "I can't see the use of takin' all that trouble now, as might 'ave saved life if done at the time, but now ain't no use."

"Oh," says Brown, "it's only for curoosity they does it."

"Ah," I says, "and idle curoosity too, as is waste of time; but," I says, "I ain't a-goin' to climb up there, I can tell you," as were a 'igh bank, and werry crumbly too under your feet.

Says Brown, "Then stick to that other party, and I'll meet you by and by where we goes out."

"Well," I says, "as you please, but if I 'ad a wife, I shouldn't go and leave 'er to ruins like this."

"Oh," he says, "you can't go wrong 'ere, even if you wanted to; only," he says, "don't go a-laggin' behind."

I says, "I knows my way about, thank you;" and on I follers a lot as were a-goin' on straight thro'.

We kep' a-wanderin' on, and at last got to a place as they said was where they was a-workin' when the rupture come.

"Ah," I says, "it only shows as fire is a bad master tho' a good servant, as the sayin' is, but," I says, "there must 'ave been great carelessness to let anythink bile over that suddin, as might 'ave been checked, even tho' a mounting, as can be kep' under with a tunnel the same as them Halps as is 'igher than that, tho' not give to burnin'."

I don't think as that ere gent as 'ad come in the carridge with the book, were werry clever, for he

didn't seem for to take in my remarks ; not that perlite like some young gents as kep' on a-askin' my opinion over a good many things.

At last we come to a hopen place as they said was where they 'ad fine games.

I says, " What at ? "

" Oh," they says, " races and prize-fights, and all manner."

" Ah," I says, " races never alters, as is things I don't 'old with, tho' no doubt they've been from the beginnin' of the world."

I says to that gent with the book, as was with the party, I says, " Do you consider as this place is holder than hold London Bridge ? " as I well remembers bein' pulled down, just arter my Joe were born, as they do say were a frightful hage ?

Says the gent with the book, " Oh, yes ; this were the fust sentry."

" Ah," I says, " so they was a-tellin' me jest now, poor feller ! As wouldn't desert 'is post, and were found among the other rubbish ; as is jest like what I considers sojers, for there was my Joe, as enlisted in the marines, and wouldn't 'ave left the deck when on watch, not for all the burnin' mountings as ever was."

He only give a toss with 'is 'ead, and says, " This is 'opeless," and turns away.

I says, " You may well say so, and if they're a-

thinkin' of buildin' it up ag'in it's downright madness, as may be swallowed up ag'in any moment."

I was a-gettin' that dreadful tired, and could not go a-'urryin' on along with that guide and others, so I jest dropped behind and set down in a quiet corner jest for to enjoy a bit of a snack, thro' not 'avin' took much breakfast.

I didn't eat much, nor yet drink neither, for I'm sure I 'adn't a quarter of a pint with me, and Brown 'ad 'ad a drain, but some'ow the 'eat or the heatin' made me that drowsy, as off I dropped sound as a church, as the sayin' is.

Goodness knows 'ow long I'd slep'; when I wakes up with a start, and looks round, and couldn't for the life on me make out where I was, but thought as I'd got into the cellars of some unfinished 'ouses with the roofs off.

It was a-gettin' quite dark, and not a sound to be 'eard, and then I remembers about it's bein' Pompey. What to do I didn't know. Of course it wasn't no use of 'ollerin' to people as 'ad been dead and berried for 'undreds of years, besides not knowin' the Hightaliau for 'elp, murder, fire, thieves.

So I gets up and out I goes, but of all the places for clamberin' up kerbstones and twistin' of your ankles in gutters, it's Pompey.

It was almost pitch dark as I went a-stumblin'

along, when I 'eard somethink a-comin' behind me, and says to myself, "I never did see a ghost and shouldn't care to 'ere," tho' in course if I'd give myself the time for to think, all the ghosts must 'ave been dead and gone there arter so many years, let alone bein' berried in hashes.

But ghost or no ghost, it were somethink a-comin' full pelt, and I says it's a wild beast broke loose, as did used to be kep' under them theayters; not as a wild beast could live all them years, tho' they don't mind fire, for I remembers when Bar-num's were burnt in New York, the bear come up out of the ruins two days arter quite fresh, as if nothink 'adn't 'appened.

I thought as I wouldn't 'urry for fear of haggrawatin' the hanimal as come up with me jest then, and proved a dog as didn't take no notice on me, as made me think as pre'aps he weren't in 'is senses, as I'm sure it's enuf to drive a dog mad to live in that dismal 'ole.

I'd got some of my lunch left, so give it the poor creetur, as dewoured it jest for all the world as tho' he 'adn't tasted wittles since afore the place were berried alive.

That dog were like the rest of the world, for when he'd got all as he could, he walks 'isself off, and by the time as he were gone it 'ad got quite dark; for that's the wust of Hitaly, the sun don't

know no medium, and either blazes away like mad, or else goes out that suddin as you don't know where you are.

It was hawful lonesome, bein' that silent as you could 'ear the least sound ; and so I listened, and if I didn't 'ear a lot of men a-comin'. I says to myself, " Briggins, no doubt, as this is jest the place for. Whatever shall I do ?" well a-knowin' as they'd carry me off, jest like they did poor 'Melia Withersleigh ; and as to payin' 'undreds of thousands for me, I should not wish Brown to do it.

So I crep' into one of them hold ruined 'ouses and 'id in a corner, a-listenin' to them men, as would 'ave passed all but for that beast of a dog as 'ad turned back and come in, and begun a-barkin' at me ; and if one of them fellers 'adn't got a light, and in course werry soon spied me out.

They was a wild-lookin' lot, so I knowin' as it wouldn't be no use a-resistin' comes out, and a-oldin' out my reddicule, says, " Take it in welcome, only let me go," as 'ad over five pounds in money and many things as I valued ; but they only ketched 'old on me, and drags me along.

I quite give myself up for lost, and kep' a-sayin' as I'd go quiet if they wouldn't 'awl at me like sailors at a rope ; but in course they didn't know nothink about sailors, and I never was more thankful than to see a light as were the gate,

and a man as spoke Hinglish ; and if them fellers wasn't no briggins, but workmen a-goin' 'ome.

So that guard he heyed me werry sewere, a-sayin' as pre'aps I'd pieked up some treasure.

"Law, bless you!" says I, "you maysearch me as 'aven't got nothink about me but my own property, and ever 'ave been, escept a moleskin puss and a silver fruit-knife as belonged to my dear mother."

Well, when they found out as it were all a axeidence me bein' left behind, they was uncommon perlite, and wanted me to 'ave tea ; but I knowed a triek worth two of that, so only tried for to drink a little wine and water, as I couldn't, for it went ag'in me.

I give somethin' all round, in course, to them 'ard-workin' poor fellers as 'ad found me as was thankful for some of the wiue as I give 'em, for I wouldn't touch a drop on it myself.

And when I was rested that the guard as spoke Hinglish to see me to the train. So I says to him, "Milly grassy," and "Bony sarey," as means, "Thank you," and "Good night," as showed 'im I knowed Hightalian, and so got 'ome, but near eleven o'clock, with Brown in a nice temper, a-swearin' as he'd never bring a woman out ag'in.

I says, "I 'opes you never will, for in course you do not mean to illude to your own lawful wife, Mr. Brown, in them terms, as never expected to

'ear 'erself called a woman afore strangers in a forrin land," and I walks up to bed, a-feelin' cut to the quick, as the sayin' is, and 'ad the nightmare that dreadful, a-dreamin' as I were being smothered by briggins down a burnin' mounting, and fell out a-bed a-tryin' to escape, 'ad nearly strangled Brown, and dragged all the clothes off, as woke in a fearful temper, and said as he wished as the briggins 'ad me when I told 'im my fears.

I must say them Hightalians is a light-'arted lot, tho' foolish in their ways, a-dancin' and a-singin', yet I'm sure they seems to be at work early and late, but they do say as some on 'em dances not for fun but to get over a bite ; leastways, they was a-talkin' about it at tea one night, and the gent with the book, he said as it were a spider as bit you, and you was forced to dance for to keep yourself alive. I'm sure I couldn't dance not if it were to save my life.

"But," I says, "'owever can a spider bite you unless you gets caught in 'is web," as I don't believe would 'old a 'uman bein' tho' I 'ave see cobwebs a-hangin' from the cellars in the docks thick enuf to smother any one, let alone the spiders a-suckin' your blood.

When they told me as they was all a-goin' to travel night and day for to get to Florence, I says to Brown, "You'll excuse me, but I don't do it."

Then he says, "You must go by sea."

I says, "Thank you, I've been swore at 'Igh-gate, as the sayin' is, never goes by water if I can go by land."

"Well, then," says Brown, "we must stop at Rome ag'in."

I says, "And why not, as shall be glad for to see it ag'in along with a 'abitshirt and my comb and brush, as was left behind where we was lodgin'," not but what I'm sure they're safe, for that there woman as kep' the 'ouse might be trusted with hany-think.

I do like a-travellin' thro' Hitaly, with all them natives a-workin' in the fields, tho' I must say as some on 'em looked werry like them brig-gins as I've seed picters on, tho' in course with railroads there ain't no fear of briggins, as in course would get cut to bits in crossin' the line for to stop the train, and not like the old-fashioned stage-coach, as they did used to say, "You're money or your life," with a blunder buss in at the winder, the same as Jerry Habershon on 'Ounslow 'Eath, as were 'ung on Kennington Common, and took a glass of gin at Newin'ton Butts, as is standin' still, and a awful warnin' not to keep bad company, as 'ave brought a many to the gallus, like the idle 'prentiss as never was took in as a pardner, and married 'is master's daughter as I was a-tellin'

that Alfred about; but, law, he's such a boy to argue, and says, "I'm sure I'd rather be 'anged than marry my master's daughter, and knows I should be took in if I was such a fool as to be 'is pardner."

That's 'ow it is now-a-days, all them fine old lessuns is throwed away on boys, and certingly I must say as Emma 'Arding, as is daughter to where Alfred's 'prenticed in the brush and bottle line, is a downright fright; and as to bein' took in pardner, there was young Pellit, he was nicely done in bein' 'is father-in-law's pardner, as were a old rogue, and 'ad to bolt, and left young Pellit in the lurch, as got eighteen months for a-defraudin' 'is creditors, tho' let out at the end of three, thro' bein' proved inner-cent, as did ought to be a-warnin' to them as goes into bissiness.

I should liked to 'ave stopped a bit in Rome, for there was a many things as I wanted to 'ave 'eard about, but Brown, he was for pushin' on, and so we did, and I 'eard a deal about the Pope and 'is ways in the train from a gent as were a-travellin, and 'ad been a-stoppin' in Rome, and was up to all their wicked ways.

He was a-goin' on a-talkin' to Brown, and said as he'd been let in on the quiet into the Council, and 'ad 'eard the Pope fly in that rage as he said as he'd take and kick some on 'em, in Latin.

Not as I believes as the Pope is one for to raise 'is foot ag'in a bishop in 'is dress, as ain't eonvenient for to kick any one in; but, law, that gent he knowed everythink, and kep' a-winkin' and a-sayin' as he could let out a lot if he liked.

For he'd got a friend as 'ad been and wrote a deal to the papers thro' 'avin' been one of them Romans once; leastways, he said as he pretended for to be one, and that's 'ow as he'd been and found out all their secrets, for he says they're sich a set of fools and is easy took in by any one a-pretendin' to be conwerted, and the fuss as they all made over 'im was wonderful, and he says there's a good many more folks as 'ave played 'em the same game.

I says, "No doubt; but," I says, "if that's your notions of acting the fair, upright, honest Hinglishman, why," I says, "in my opinion anyone as acted like that did ought to be put in the pillory, as I remembers well myself a-seein' the last as ever was in the Hold Bailey, as is done away now; and so much the wuss, for it were jest the punishment for a double-faced lyin' waggerbone."

That party turned deadly white, and says, "I didn't think as I wcre talkin' to a Papist."

I says, "Never you mind who you're a-talkin' to; but," I says, "I knows werry well as there ain't a real bred and born Briton livin' as wouldn't despise sich ways; and as to your friend a-sayin'

as it's 'im as sends all the news to the papers, I don't believe a word on it, for them as writes for papers is gentlemen, as I've knowed 'em myself; and if they was to stoop to such dirty ways, would precious soon get the sack, for," I says, "news-papers belongs to reg'lar carriage-folks, as ain't got nothink mean nor low about 'em."

Well, Brown he'd been 'avin a bit of a nap, and woke up jest as I were a-gettin' warm, and says, "Ullo, old gal, what's up?"

"Oh," says the gent, "I'm afraid I've been a-treadin' on your good lady's corns."

I says, "That you 'ave not, or you'd not 'ave heard the last on it; but," I says, "we was a-talkin' about parties as plays the spy over the Pope."

"Yes," says the gent, "he's reg'lar 'emmed in by 'em, and that's why they can't keep that council secret, for, bless you, there's parties in Rome as don't stick at nothink, and would take and open your private letters, as they 'ave done, and put 'em in the papers."

"Well," I says, "that may be some parties' ways of goin' on, but, in my opinion, the Pope's a match for any on 'em."

"Look 'ere," says Brown, "jest let the Pope alone, and let 'im mind 'is bissiness and we can mind ours," and he give me a wink not for to keep

on no more ; and when we was alone he says, "I tell you what it is, you'll get yourself in a 'ole some day with that everlastin' jaw of your'n."

"Woll," I says, "I don't want no argyments, but all as I says let the Pope 'ave fair play, as is a jewel, as the sayin' is, all the world over, tho' I do wish he'd do away with them passports, as is a reg'lar nuisance;" not as I grumbles at the five shillin's as you pays, 'cos, in course, Rome is a reg'lar show, and it's only fair as them as goes there should pay to go in jest as you does for to see Pompey, as I'm sure is a reg'lar internal city, thro' bein' dug out of the bowels of the hearth, jest like Rome will be in time.

CHAPTER VI.

FLORENCE AND VENICE.

I CAN'T say as I thought much of Florence, as looked dull, and were that 'ot as move I couldn't; and in course Italy was all werry well to live in when they didn't wear no clothes, as you sees the remains on 'em now a-standin' about with nothink on, as they call Wenus and Pollers, as don't matter with them black savidges, but ain't becomin' in Christians, as did ought to behave theirselves decent.

For my part I can't see no beauty in them barefaced noodities, as is a werry bad colour; but, law, the picters is lovely, and a good many on 'em got all their clothes on proper, and not like that there De Medeesey, as ain't got a rag to cover 'er, and was, pre'aps, brought to it thro' distress, as I 'ave knowed parties myself that bad off as not to 'ave a rag of clothes as wasn't put away, and then obligated to lay in bed, as in course couldn't work.

It's all werry fine to say as poor people didn't ought to pawn their clothes, but whatever can any one do as is without a meal, as they knows their boots would get 'em, for I'm sure 'unger is that sharp thorn as would make me pawn anythink, let alone seein' the children a-famishin' for bread.

Not as them Wenuses was ever poor like that, but seems for to glory in it, jest like them three bold 'ussies as they calls the Graces, a-standin' about the place, and I must say if I was the Pope I should 'ave that there Appoller and some of them others dressed in part, even if they was only to wear a kilt like them 'ighland Scotchmen's, as tho' small clothes would be better than nothink; leastways, look more dressy.

I'm sure what with the picters and what with the statutes, I got that confused as I didn't 'ardly know what I did see and what I didn't, but I must say some things is werry lovely; but, law, Florence is that 'ot as you can't see nothink with pleasure but the churches, as is always cool, and as you can't be in church all day, I were glad for to go on to Wenus, as they do say rose out of the middle of the sea; so in course must be cool.

It's a werry sing'ler place that Wenus, with the water all a-runnin' through the streets jest as the New River did used to thro' Colebrook Row, Islington, as were werry pleasant of a summer evenin', as

rose at Saddler's Well with real water on the stage, as is where Joey Grimaldi did used for to play the fool, as my dear mother remembered well, as made King George larf that 'arty at seein' on 'im put the red-'ot poker in 'is pocket, as shook 'is reason they do say.

I don't like the look of them gondolers, as looks like floatin' 'eases, and werry ill-convenient to get into, as you must go in all fours, like a dog-kennel.

We was in a lovely 'otel at Wenus, and the land-lord a-speakin' Hinglish, as were the reason as he called it the Wictoria, and 'ad the best cup of tea as I've tasted out of London.

Wenus is a sing'ler hold place, full of churches and pallises, as did used to be ruled over by Dodges, as is jest like them artful Hightalian ways, as I do not 'old with, for I do think as them dodges never can be that straightfor'ard ways as is all hopen and above board; and I'm sure them Weneeshuns never wasn't with their dungins and secret doin's, as did used to throw any one as they didn't like down a lion's mouth, as come out in the canal as everythink flows into, and I should say must be pretty near as bad as Glasgow in 'ot weather.

But, law, them Weneeshuns was that deceitful, as the werry blinds is called arter 'em, as nobody can't overlook you thro'.

But sich goin's on as there did used to be a-torturin' of parties with them thumbserews and things, jest for all the world like there is in the Tower of London, as that the old 'Arry of ourn were so fond of usiu'.

Some of the places is werry grand, but as to that there Bridge of Size as they makes such a fnss about, why, it's no size at all, as the Merrykin lady said to me a-goin' over it, "I never see sich a mean 'ole," as turned up 'er nose at them wars as was painted all over the walls of them pallises, and says to me, "I reckon they never 'ad a war like onr war, as was the most sanguinuary ever knowed."

"Yes, mnm," I says, "I've 'eard speak on it, and knowed a party over there myself as made a fortune thro' a-buyin' up all the new rifles, as was picked up on the field of battle arter a fight, as was as good as new, thro' never 'avin' been even loaded, as shows a kind 'art in them Merrykius, as throwed them away without firin';" in course couldn't bring theirselves to one another's bloodshed, like Cain and Abel.

"I beg your pardon," says that lady, "there wasn't no rubbish of that sort, for I 'ad two sons myself as fought on oppersite sides, and would 'ave killed each other with pleasure, only they never met."

So I says, "Then more shame for 'em, and don't say much for their broughtin's up."

"Oh," says she, "we're far too advanced to mind any of your old-fashioned effect notions about brotherly love, as is all bosh. Why," she says, "I've wrote a pome myself as did more to escite that war than any other circumstance, and divorced my own 'usban' for refusin' to fight in so holy a cause."

Well, I see she were a-gettin' escited, so I jest give 'er the slip, for them Merrykins don't mean 'ardly nothink what they says, but only does it for bounce, so it's a shame I consider for to encourage them in esposin' of their ignorance.

There's a many things as they've got at Wenus as that Old Boneyparty took and stole, the same as he did at Rome, a old thief, but were obligated for to give 'em up ag'in arter the Duke of Wellin'ton 'ad punched 'is 'ead at Waterloo, not but what they stole a many things them French, partikler the eyes out of a lion as were dimonds.

I was werry much pleased for to see them places as 'ave been made into plays, partikler one as the gent as 'ad the book would tell me about, as were a young lady as run away with a nasty black nigger, as were a tiger for jealousy, and took and smothered 'er 'cos he thought as she'd been and throwed 'er 'ankercher at another party.

"Well," I says, "if a young lady will forget 'erself that far as to marry a nigger, in my opinion she deserves all as she gets."

They showed me the bridge as they calls the Realto, as is the place where a old Jew in the name of Slylock took and cut a pound of flesh off a party unawares, as owed 'im money.

I says, "A nasty, spiteful beast. Why whatever was the use of that?"

"Oh," they says, "rewenge."

"Ah!" I says, "rewenge is sweet, as the sayin' is, as is more than that pound of flesh could 'ave been."

I always 'ad 'eard a deal about Wenus, as my dear mother often did used to tell me about a Miss McNeil as did used to haet Wenus Preserved, as were all about a lady as 'ad a 'usban' as were a reg'lar Guy Fox, and meant for to blow up all them Weneeshun dodges, as one on 'em were 'er pa; so in course she took and blowed the gaff, as the sayin' is, but died mad in black welwet, thro' a-seein' 'er 'usban's 'ead cut off at 'er pa's orders on the Grand Piazzar, as they calls it, as weren't quite actin' on the square, I considers.

Then there was a grand op'rer at Wenus all about Looseehееher Borgerer, as Miss Wittles did used to tell me about when undressin' 'er arter the op'rer, when 'er maid 'ad gone to bed with a siek-'eadache, as turned out all pretence, and was bein' courted by the under-butler, as settled arterwards near Great Portland Market in the greengrocery

line, as I've drunk tea with often till they went out to Australier, where they rode in their coach and four afore they died.

And then there was that bravo as is in all the plays and op'rs, as went about in a mask and stabbed parties be'ind a piller with a steeletter, as couldn't 'ave killed 'em, leastways I should say not, thro' 'avin' used one myself for eylet-'oles for years, and never knowed no mischief come on it beyond a pricked finger; but, law! there's no tellin' wot may 'appen to you from a trifle, for there was poor Matilder 'Arrison as always complained of a pain in 'er side for years, with a lump come up like your double fist, as gethered and broke, and a whole paper of pins come out on, as she must 'ave swallowed in hinfancy hunawares, as is the reason as I don't 'old with a child bein' let crawl about the floor unless a sheet laid down, and not always safe then; and do believe as little Joe Mapleson would never 'ave been rickety if not put down too soon thro' 'is old faggit of a grandmother a-interferin' and sayin' as 'er son couldn't afford a gal to nuss that child, tho' a brassworker earnin' over fifty shillin's a week, and 'er a poor thing with three in two years, thro' the last bein' twins, and 'er grizzle of a mother-in-law always at 'er about somethink.

So in course I was werry much took with

Wenus, and the ways as them gondoleers did used for to try and get me into them boats were down-right free.

But wot put me most out were Miss Camblin, as were a lady we met at Wenus as was wonderful clever at poetry, and reg'lar misled me, a-tellin' me all about Wenus by moonlight bein' that lovely.

I says, "So I've 'eard say, and should like to see it."

"Oh," she says, "come to me when daylight sets."

"Well," I says, "that's jest about dinner-time, as would be orkard; but," I says, "I could manage for to make a meal at lunch."

"Ah," she says, "come o'er the moonlit sea."

I says, "With pleasure."

She says, "Oh, rise, gentle moon."

"Well," I says, "not by daylight he can't, escept a bit on it sometimes as may be seen only looks like the butt end of a cloud; but," I says, "there may be a moon late to-night."

"Well," sho says, "we fly by night," and jest then some one como in and talked to 'er, so nothink more wasn't said; but when we come to dine, Miss Camblin, Brown, and a many others wasn't there; so I thinks to myself, I calls that mean as 'ave 'ticed Brown away, an' gone off for

to see the moonlit sea, an' give me the slip; but, I says, I'll 'ave the larf ag'in 'em as will go by my ownself on my own 'ook, as the sayin' is, and jest run ag'in em.

There was a party a-'angin' about the 'otel door as were a guide as spoke Hinglish, tho' dreadful bad; so arter dinner I says to 'im, "Where 'ave they all got to."

He says, "Go out too late."

I says, "Oh! I knows, moonlight."

He says, "No moon yet, too soon."

I says, "All right by and by, me go too; you come show me moon," a-speakin' to 'im forrin like for to make 'im understand.

He says, "No to-night, too late."

Ah, ah! thinks I, he's in the swindle.

"Yes, I say. Me go, gondoleer," I says.

He give a shrug with 'is shoulders, as is 'is forrin ways, and says, "If you will you will."

So, jest as it were a-gettin' dark, I gets into that gondoleer, and tells that guide as they was to pull me out a good ways to sea till I stopped 'em.

Well, them little cabins is that comfortable with soft cushions, and thro' always a-feelin' drowsy arter dinner, I took my nap, and never 'eard nor saw nothink till I felt a bump, and there was that guide at the cabin-door a-sayin' as we was arrived.

I says, "What, at the moon?" for I see a light a-shinin', and out I gets and if we wasn't at the 'otel door.

I says, "Why ever don't you go on with me to the moon?"

He didn't say nothink, but calls the landlord as spoke Hinglish like a native, as the sayin' is, tho' I'm sure some of them natives injins down Poplar way can't say a word but their own gibberish.

Well, the landlord he told me as they said I'd told 'em to pull me all over the place, they'd been about with me for two 'ours fast asleep in that gon-doleer, and 'adn't liked to wake me.

"Why," I says, "I only wanted for to see the full moon on Wenus."

He says, "But there shall not be no moon for another ten days."

Well, jest as we was a-talkin', in come Miss Camblin with a lot on 'em. So I ups to 'er, and says, "This may be forrin manners, but ain't like no Hinglish lady to tice any one's 'usban' away and make a fool of 'is wife by moonlight."

She says, "What is she talkin' about?"

I says, "Oh! I know all about it, as I dare say would like to see my own 'usban' smother me like the nigger in the play, as is reg'lar dark ways, and as to the moon, you must 'avo know'd it were on the wane," as the sayin' is.

I were a-talkin' loudish, and Brown 'earin' my woice, come out of the smokin'-room, and says, "'Old up Martha, I wants you."

So in course as is my dooty, I goes up to our room with 'im, an' he give me a-settin' down as I shan't forget, and showed it were all a mistake, for he'd been over a glass factory all the arternoon 'isself, as made 'im late for dinner, and showed me as there wasn't no moon in the almanack.

I must say as Miss Camblin showed 'erself quite the lady, for she polergized to me for a-runnin' out with 'er poetry as didn't 'ear what I was a-talkin' about the moon for. She's that fond of them romances as she can't abear to talk no common sense; as is the way with them poets, but will be a warnin' to me not to go a-lookin' arter no full moons no more when on the wane.

CHAPTER VII.

MILAN AND HOMEWARD.

WE went on from Wenus to Millan, as is a fine place, and never did I see sich a church, as is all marble like the driven snow for whiteness, cut out of the Halps. It's enuf to make any one go to church to 'ave such a lovely place, as is always open, and you may go when you like.

We was at a lovely 'otel as they called Deller Weel, but bein' on our way 'ome, I says to Brown, "Do let's get on, for I've see enuf churches and picters to last my life."

"Well," he says, "if you will go on, you must, but pre'aps the roads ain't open over the mounting."

"Oh," I says, "we shall find one as is no doubt."

So off we went by the rail as took us to Comer, as ain't much of a place, tho' a lovely lako as a steamer took us right down, and of all tho lovely

evenin's I never did, not as that lake were any better than them Scotch ones.

When we landed it was a place called Calico, as is jest like them forrin names as don't mean nothin', and there was lots of carridges a-waitin', so I says to Brown, "I shall get into this one as is roomy," and so I did all thro' two of them gents as was with ns a-'elpin' on me, tho' the step were that 'igh as I never should 'ave got up if they 'adn't got one of their porkmangles for me to stand on.

Well, I'd jest got settled in that carridge when up comes one of the Hightalians a-blusterin' and a-goin' on a deal of rubbish, and I only says to 'im, "Walker," as werry often settles forriners, thro' their hignorance a-thinkin' as it means somethink wrong.

Well, while we was a-talkin' up come a stout party in red whiskers, as spoke Hightalian, and says, "Mrs. Brown you must come out."

I says, "Escuse me, but Mrs. Brown won't come out."

He says, "This carridge ain't a-goin', and you'll be left behind."

I says, "Then I shall wait till it does go."

"Well," he says, "I'd got a capital place, but 'ave been turned out."

I thought to myself, "More fool you."

He says, "There's other carridges comin' thro' to take us up."

"Well, then," I says, "I'll set 'cre till they comes," and so I did, as of course was full, so I kep' my place, and as I told that stout party, I says, "You didn't ought never to believe a word as they tells you when a-travellin', but jest look out for yourself, and grab all as you can, 'cos if you don't you'll come off only second best, I can tell you."

We 'ad a longish ride up a steepish 'ill till we got to a place as they calls Kavanna, where we all 'ad to turn out, and certingly got some 'ot coffee along with supper.

Arter we was doue I was a-goin' back to my carriage, but, law, if they 'adn't been and turned all my things out, and 'ad to get the best place as we could.

Brown says, "You'd better rop up, mother, for you'll find it bitter cold up above."

"Why," I says, "ain't we on the top?"

"No," says Brown, "it's 'ours afore we shall get there, as is all frost and snow."

I says, "What a shame to bring us this way."

"Oh," says Brown, "dry up, do, it's a splendid road."

In course it's werry fine, and they may well call it the Splugin, for of all the frost and snow as ever I see when the daylight come it's all over the

place there; and them poor creeturs as is there a-waitin' for to dig you out, in case as you should be stuck fast any moment, looks downright miserable.

I says to Brown, "Do look at that pressypitch, and if we was to be upset nothink in this world couldn't save us from the bottomless pit," as I couldn't a-bear to look over into myself; and if I'd 'ave knowed where we was a-goin' up to you wouldn't have ketched me a-puttin' of my foot in this 'ere diligence, as they calls it.

We was lucky to get any place, as got shoved at last into what they calls a coopee, and nice cooped I was, with winders all round, and a corner for me and one for Brown, as would 'ave been bad enuf, what with bags, and parcels, and railway rags, as filled it up, when in who should come a-blunderin' but a old grampus of a feller for the middle place as were of the German perswasion, and that strong of stale baccy as I thought I should 'ave 'eaved ag'in.

There wasn't room not for a child to set comfortable atween me and Brown, and this 'ere German were a reg'lar porpus, and when he set down reg'lar wedged me up in the corner.

I says, "Silver play, mossu," and give 'im a shove; but he only says, "So."

I says, "No, not so, but get a little further."

He only begun a spitzerin' and a sputterin', and pulls out a cigar.

I says to Brown, "I can't 'ardly draw my breadth as it is, and if he smokes I chokes."

So Brown he spoke to 'im werry nice French, a-askin' 'im not to "foomy easy," but couldn't make 'im understand.

So I says to 'im, "Je ne poo pas, nong, oone dam," a meanin' as I were a lady.

But, law! he didn't care a dam or no dam, but went on a-puffin'; and I see as Brown's temper were a-gettin' 'ot, so I lets down the winder, and 'ollers that loud as made 'em stop the 'osses, and up comes the conductor.

So I says to him, "Por quor, he go on smoke when me no like."

So the conductor he managed for to get us two other places, along with a werry nice forriner, as made 'isself werry agreecable all the way.

We was 'ours and 'ours a-toilin' up them mountings, and 'owever them poor 'osses can do it, and that sensible as know'd 'ow to turn the corners beautiful.

"Well," I says, "I never did espect to be took up to the moon, as we must be a-gettin' werry near it; but," I says, "'owever are we to get down ag'in."

"Oh," says tho forrin gentleman, "a grand gallop all the way."

I says "Never! Why they'll break all our necks."

Says Brown, "'Old your row, will you?"

Well, there we was all in the frost and snow two thousand miles above the sea, so in course there wasn't no 'elp for it but to get down some'ow or other; 'cos in course nobody could live up that 'igh, as even birds can't fly to, nor yet hanythink grow, and 'ow them poor men with the spades as cleared away the snow ever could be brought to do it, I can't think.

It was eight o'clock when we got to the top, and a lovely mornin' to be sure, and all the buses stopped, and arter a bit Brown he come to me and says, "We're a-goin' down in sledges, like what as they calls slayin' over in Canady."

"What," I says; "they don't never slay me over them mountings, as is downright murder."

Says Brown, "Then you may stop 'ere a week."

"Well," I says, "if Mr. Cook considers it safe I'll go, 'cos I'm sure he ain't one for to mislead nobody."

Says Brown, "It's all right, we're to go two and two;" but, law bless you! there wasn't no room for nobody with me in that slay, so they put me in one with all my things, and we was soon off. I'd put up my umbreller, for the wind blowed that fresh,

but was obligated for to put it down ag'in and tie it up tight, and I says to Brown, "Tell that young man to drive steady, whatever he do; and do yon think as the road is safe to bear me?"

"Law," says the gent with the book, "helephants 'as been over it with hanimals on their backs."

I says, "Rubbish. I'm sure as helephants 'as enuf to do to carry theirselves, and tho' I 'ave seen a monkey a-ridin' on a poodle dog, I don't believe as there's any other hanimal as would trust 'isself on a helefant."

Well, while I was a-talkin', off we started with that jerk as nearly throwed me back'ards, and of all the rides as ever I 'ad that Splugin beat 'em, for the wind were that 'igh as 'old my umbreller I couldn't, my bonnet got blowed back, and I 'ad to 'old on for life. Away went the 'oss full pelt, and there I was a-stranglin' with my bonnet strings, and no more use a-'ollerin' than a-whistlin' at the winds, for the more I screamed the faster we went, and the corners as I turned, and the bumps as I got, let alone snow by the pound, as fell all over me, bein' shook down by that 'oss, like 'eavy launches as 'ave berried willages afore now.

So I shet my eyes, and give myself up for lost, and what worreted me in my last moments was the thoughts as I 'adn't settled with Brown who was to 'ave my mother's tea-pot, as I wished to go to

Jane, thro' not a-carin' for Liza nor yet Joe's wife 'avin' it, for I never expected to see daylight no more, when a wiolent bump nearly pitched me hout 'ead fust; and if we wasn't all over together. I didn't fall far, for I'd slipped off the seat of that sledge, espectin' as I were a-goin' to perdition, but as luck would 'ave it, we was nearly at the bottom, not as I got into that sledge no more, as I told Brown, "I'd set by the roadside till the hend of the world rather than go any further in a slay," but I 'adn't no occasion, for we wasn't far from where we was a-goin' to breakfast, and there was carridges to take us on, and thankful I was to find arter all my frights as I were ag'in on terror firmer, as the sayin' is, tho' that knocked and blowed about as nobody wouldn't 'ardly 'ave know'd me.

When we got into the carridge ag'in arter breakfast, I fell that fast asleep as never to wake till we got to the railway, as took us to a place called Surich, or somethink like that, as is a lovely hotel, and I've heard a song about its waters, as is considered werry fine for makin' of the throat clear; but, law! I didn't want nothink but my bed, as were werry comfortable and clean, tho' I must say as I don't care about them pillers as they gives you for a counterpin, as never covers your feet and rolls off reg'lar in the night.

There ain't much to see about Surich except its fair waters, as runs all through the place, and Miss Wittles got a 'usban' thro' a-singin' about I well remembers over five and thirty year ago.

I wanted to stop a bit for to see Switzerland, as I'd 'eard sich a deal about; but Brown he says another time, as he were a-comin' along with Cook's.

"Well," I says, "too many cooks spiles the broth, as the sayin' is; but I don't think as you can 'ave too many Cook's escursions, as can't spile anythink thro' bein' fine for the health; so," I says, "I'm game," as the sayin' is.

"Well," says Brown, "if any one 'ad told me as you'd 'ave turned out sich a traveller when we fust settled I wouldn't 'ave believed 'em."

"Ah," I says, "you may well say so, for I'm sure when I fust married buses was only jest come in, and I never dreamt of goin' in one as charged a shillin' to the Bank, but a deal better than them Paddin'ton coaches as was all day long on the road, with that constant abuse as you didn't dare complain, for he'd strip 'is coat off in a hinstant, and offer to fight you as often as you pleased all along the road."

I felt reg'lar rested with a good night's rest, tho' Brown did go on about me 'avin' stop' all the way from the Splugin, and missed a lovely wiew as

is called Wire Marler in the Hightalian, but hisn't nothink but rocks and rivers in reality, as I don't care much about; so bein' quite refreshed, we got on the next day to Barl, as is where three kings did used to reign, jest for all the world like Brentford, as King George were so fond on thro' bein' that like Germany.

They've been and turned them three kings' pallis into a 'otel, as is beautiful with images of 'em over the door, and some of their furniture about the place.

Barl is a dismal sort of a place, tho' a fine river as come down with great force, and no wonder, for it comes over that Splugin they tells me, and nothink can't come down gentle that way, I well knows.

There's a old church at Barl, but it's all locked up, and only kep' for show, 'cos they've been and built a new one, as is more suitable to their religion than them old-fashioned places.

We didn't stop but one night at Barl, tho' that 'otel is a place as I could live in 'appy, not but what I were in a bit of a fidget to get 'ome, and wasn't sorry for to be in the train ag'in for Paris, tho' a-feelin' low-sperrited for to say good-bye to them parties as we'd been a-travellin' with, as 'ad be'aved that pleasant all the way and treated me like a duchess for perliteness, and many on 'em

asked me for to come and see 'em, as I shall be proud to, partikler whenever I goes to Yorkshire or Australier, as is a long way off, tho' when once in a train it don't much matter where you goes, partikler when you've got any one belongin' to Mr. Cook to look arter you, as always sends them as he can trust when not a-goin' 'isself, and always 'as them parties a-travellin' with 'im as I shall be proud and 'appy to meet elsewheres, and only 'opes as they can say the same of me ; and I'm sure we got a werry nice lunch in a basket for to take with us, as kep' us up werry comfortable with pleasant company, tho' some 'ad took to the Rhine for to go 'ome by, as I considers was full early for the water thro' bein' a backward spring.

I must say as there ain't much to look at all the way to Paris, and glad I was to get there, as seemed like 'ome ; but, law ! it give me sich a turn when they told me as there was goin' to be a row the next day all along of that 'ere Napoleou chap 'avin' been and ordered a publicity.

So I says to Brown, " I shall tako to my bed till it's all over, and if there should be a row we can slip off on the quiet ; for," I says, " that's tho best of Cook's escursions, you're that near to the railroad as you can carry your own luggage across the way, and aro at the sea-side in no time ; and when once on the oshun I dou't care for Napoleon nor

'is publicity neither, and let 'im cut the French down if they likes, but he dursn't touch no true-born Britons with all 'is bounce."

Says Brown, "Don't you 'oller till you're 'urt, and go to sleep with you;" and so I did, and thankful, but couldn't 'elp a-dreamin' of the Splugin and the publicity all night; but, law! there was no publicity to speak on the next day, escept out in the Bore de Boolone, as there was races at, but I'm told as Paris were full of sojers all 'id under ground, as would 'ave soon busted out if a riverlution 'ad broke loose; so that's 'ow it were kep' under for the time, not but wot, in my opinion, them French will send that umpire a-flyin' some day; but that ain't no bissiness of mine, so long as he don't murlest me any more, not as I wants any rows in Paris, as is the nearest way everywhere, and might stop Cook's escursions; not but wot if they did Parlyment would take it up, 'cos, in course, Queen Wictoria 'erself will be a-wantin' to go along with Cook some day, as I'm sure she would 'ave done long ago, if she only knowed what a deal she'd 'ave saved by it. I means, in course, time and trouble, besides all the attentions as Mr. Cook would pay 'er, as is always 'is ways with a lady, partikler a lone woman.

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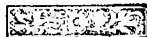
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